# The New REPUBLIC

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LAST week's widespread optimism cannot be entirely groundless. It seems based on something more than mere abstract hope. There is the fact that the worst event has not happened. German submarines have not sunk a passenger ship since the Lusitania. This is perhaps the most important fact in the situation, for any repetition of that act while negotiations were pending would be the greatest possible disaster. The essence of our problem with Germany is not so much what she has done as what she intends to do. Moreover, the tone of the German press has been more accommodating than at any time since the beginning of the war. For the first time in almost eleven obstinate months we see a division of opinion in Germany, and the appearance of a few editorials that are liberal in spirit, flexible in tone, and touched with a bit of humor at the prospect of fighting the whole world. From England come persistent rumors that she too is in a mood to relax a bit, and in the United States the press has been almost jubilant at the report from Berlin and London, and at the quality of Mr. Wilson's second note. It would be foolish to build up false hopes now, but there is little doubt that the President, by the way he offered a bait to Germany, has played what seems like an ingenious stroke of diplomacy. He seems to have achieved the miraculous result of pleasing all the belligerents and the neutrals as well.

DURING the past week the people of Chicago have had a concrete picture of what it means to leave transportation unsocialized. As a result of riding on express wagons, jitneys and motorboats, of sleeping in offices and downtown hotels, there must be a very large number of Chicagoans who feel with some heat that instruments of communication will have to be made a really public service. They must have been making up their minds that whatever the merits of this particular dispute, the method of dealing with it by a trial of strength between employers and employees is an intolerable nuisance. They will insist that here is one case where the ultimate consumer really deserves to have some say in the management of industry. He must not only share in the profits, he must secure actual representation, so that the Board which directs shall be composed of men who can speak for the workers, the traveling public and the executive. Some such arrangement is essential, and a tie-up like the one in Chicago indicates that the street-car service is the place to try it out. It is absurd that a thing so vital as transportation should be thrown out of gear without the public's having anything to say until after the event.

THE government of these public service corporations is in about the same stage of political development as is Haiti. There is a party in power representing the financial control. There is another party, the employees, who have no legal power, and so whenever they wish to improve their wages or redress a grievance they have to start a revolution. There is a third party, the great mass of the public, which is not consulted and is very much stepped upon. And the result is just what


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you find in Haiti, a dictatorship tempered by anarchy. There is only one remedy which offers any hope, and that is to make the government of a public service corporation truly representative of all the interests concerned, and to make the management responsible to these representatives. This remedy will not obviate disputes. It ought not to, in fact, because the conflict of interests is real and cannot be glossed over. But this conflict should be fought out through the machinery of representative government, not on the streets by means of strikes, lockouts, beating up scabs, importing strike-breakers, or laying up stores of ammunition. The method of democracy applied to industry is the only substitute for despotism, anarchy and confusion. It is the only school in which a conflict of interest becomes a source of knowledge. When those concerned are jointly responsible, many minds play upon the problem, and each special interest is compelled to explain itself as well as to assert itself.

EUROPE continues to furnish many indigestible facts for pacifist democrats. If the war has indicated anything up to date it has indicated that the harvest of positive results cannot be worth its penalty of destruction and suffering. Yet at the very moment when the world is being furnished with the most convincing of all demonstrations of the cost of war, nations which have hitherto remained neutral are deliberately deciding to participate. First Italy and now even more explicitly Greece have preferred to fight, because they expect to accomplish more as the result of victory than they can lose in the event of defeat. Secret diplomacy has not involved them in war, the consultation of public opinion has not kept them out. The case of Italy is similar to that of Greece, but stronger. Both of these nations are modern political edifices, which have been built up more as the result of the sympathetic connivance of liberal Europe than by the efforts of their own people. Both are the modern imitators of a great classic precedent. The Italians have visions of another prolonged flight of the Roman eagles. The Greeks will not be satisfied with anything less than a resurrected empire of the East. The ambitions of both are utterly disproportionate to their effective military power. They can be accomplished even in part only with the continued connivance of the dominant Powers in Europe. So favorable an opportunity for realizing dreams of national expansion may not reappear for many generations. No wonder the Greeks, like the Italians, have succumbed, but in succumbing they are apparently willing to renounce as well as to conquer and hold. Venizelos, who will return to power, was ready to placate Bulgaria by the surrender of certain parts of Macedonia to which Bulgaria, on both geographical and ethnological grounds, has a superior claim. He seems to be the only statesman in Europe who is willing that his country should surrender anything to anybody, and the participation of Greece under his leadership should at least help to make moderate counsels prevail.

NOT the least difficult and critical of the necessary subjects of legislation which will confront Congress at its next session is that of an American merchant marine. The most contradictory forces are now at work for and against the increase of American shipping. As a result of the high freight rates produced by the war, American shipyards are producing vessels up to the limit of their capacity. It looks as if a continuation of the war would result in a really substantial increase in our merchant marine. On the other hand the La-Follette bill, which goes into effect early in November and which was designed to make the lives of passengers and seamen on American vessels safer, has rendered the operation of ships under the American flag on the high seas much more expensive. It is particularly burdensome in its effect upon American vessels in the Pacific. Some of the lines now operating between American and far-Eastern ports will, it is asserted, either sell out or reorganize under the Chinese or Japanese flag. Should any such result take place, it will be regarded with the utmost disfavor by intelligent American public opinion. We have become reconciled to the carriage of American commerce on the Atlantic by British vessels, because British vessels are protected by the British fleet and because we have confidence that the British nation would not consent to the oppressive use of its commercial power. But what about the promotion of foreign commerce on the Pacific which was being carried in the vessels of a helpless power like China or of an aggressive power like Japan? This is a matter which Congress cannot ignore and with which in the past it has proved itself wholly incompetent to deal.

THE centenary of the battle of Waterloo serves to emphasize the great change in the attitude of modern historians as to the importance of the battle and of battles generally. The old view, as represented by Creasy, regarded it as one of the decisive battles of the world, one that definitely freed Europe from Napoleon's imperial domination. Modern history regards Waterloo simply as an incident. Had Napoleon won that day, he could not possibly have held out against the overwhelming armies of the allies that were

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then marching against him. The old view regarded Napoleon as possessed of some magical talisman which insured his victory, so that only through some other magical incident such as the ditch at Quatre-Bras, or Grouchy's failure to hold Blücher, could his fall be explained. The modern view subordinates the spectacular incidents of battle to the more prosaic investigation as to the physical and material resources of the nations back of the contending armies. It is not that it has no interest in unusual men and singular situations. But it looks behind the pomp of the emperor to the physiology of the man, and calls attention to the fact that Napoleon was losing his physical vigor and mental alertness. This is in line with that matter-of-factness which through modern science and business has permeated all reflective thought.

WHEN the New York City Board of Education decides next week the question of reorganizing a school-district in Bronx Borough, it will have taken a significant step not only for New York but for all those American cities which are faced with similar educational problems. There are 35,000 children to provide for in the district, only 25,000 sittings, poorly-equipped buildings, population increasing by leaps and bounds, financial stringency which forces economy on school appropriations. The New York Board may follow the conventional method of erecting new school buildings. It can take the million dollars which the city is disposed to provide for the Bronx schools and build two new school-houses. But these new buildings would accommodate only half of the present excess number. By the time the schools were completed, the growth of population would have made the situation as intolerable as before. Such a way of spending the public's money is obviously like pouring gold into a bottomless pit.

OR the New York Board can adopt the plan of reorganization worked out for the twelve schools of the Bronx by Superintendent Wirt of Gary, Ind. By remodelling the present buildings, putting up annexes, not of classrooms but of shops, gymnasia, and the like, 45,000 children can be accommodated at once, on full time, and with far better wealth of educational opportunities than the present schools are able to provide. School facilities would, moreover, be able to keep pace with the growing population. This reorganization, Mr. Wirt shows, can be effected at a cost of less than $800,000 for the twelve schools, or less than would be required for two new schools alone. The plan almost doubles the capacity of the schools, while it saves the city the millions of dollars which would be necessary under the conventional scheme. It seems scarcely credible that the Board will prefer to perpetuate the old methods of meeting these problems of school congestion—methods which modern experience shows are as wasteful financially as they are inefficient educationally—in the face of this dramatic opportunity to put New York City on record as the most progressive and enlightened of the larger cities in public education policy.

DR. AUSTIN O'MALLEY writes rather passionately about the control of births in the Catholic weekly, "America." Says Dr. O'Malley: "The most helpless idiot is as far above a non-existent child as St. Bridget is above a committee on birth control." Let us pause over the idiot and the non-existent child. Must we say that all potential children should be born? Are we to take a firm stand against celibacy, which denies to so many possible children the right to be baptized? And will Dr. O'Malley tell us which is the greater virtue, to bear children that they may be baptized, or to have no children for the glory of one's own soul? This solicitude over the non-existent child has certain drawbacks. How large a family, in fact, does Dr. O'Malley desire a woman to bear? May she stop after the fourteenth infant, or must she say to herself: "There are still non-existent children, some of them helpless idiots, perhaps. I will bear them that they may be baptized."

GOD heard the embattled nations sing and shout:
"Gott strafe England!" and "God save the King!"
God this, God that, and God the other thing—
"Good God!" said God, "I've got my work cut out."
—J. C. Squire in the *Herald,* London.

SUPPOSE you knew of a boys' school to which somebody was sending one obscene picture after another. Suppose you found out who this somebody was. You would be angry enough to wish him put out of business and sent to jail. But very likely your anger would be forgotten before you took action. The idea of giving up your life to suppressing these dirty trades probably would not even occur to you. Anthony Comstock is the exceptional man to whom this idea did occur and who acted on it. For more than forty years he has done his utmost to keep obscene pictures and obscene text from being put under young people's eyes. No one who does not know how such things were thrust on young people some forty or fifty years ago, and how difficult and risky this trade has been made nowadays, can realize the vast

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amount of good Mr. Comstock has accomplished. All of which—and it is by no means all that might be said of Mr. Comstock's solid performance—most of us forget. What we remember is the occasions on which he has conspicuously made an ass of himself. We forget to ask ourselves whether his work could have been done by a "sympathetic character," by the sort of man one likes as a neighbor. Perhaps the answer is, "No. Unless this work is done by a tedious and often absurd monomaniac, it won't be done thoroughly."

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## Himself Again

WHEN a man begins by swallowing a camel and ends by straining at a gnat, our first impulse is to question his sincerity. Mr. Bryan's sincerity has been discussed at great length in the last week or so. On purely rational grounds it has seemed inconceivable that a man should sign the earlier notes to Germany and balk at the later ones. And with each statement that he has issued the reasonableness of his action looks thinner. Public opinion has not taken the statements at face value. It has centered on two explanations, the first, that Mr. Bryan was looking for an excuse to resign; the second, that he was loyal to his theories of arbitration. But both analyses are unsatisfactory. The excuse, if it was one, turned out to be poor, and the consistency has seemed immensely unintelligent. So poor Mr. Bryan has been put down as insincere.

But the word "insincere" is never very illuminating. The man against whom it is directed almost always regards it as a gross libel. It is in fact a word we all apply to others far more easily than to ourselves. Few of us ever feel that we have been insincere, and the more closely we resemble the Bryan temperament the less likely we are to feel it. It is almost inconceivable that a man like Mr. Bryan should live without a good conscience. The sense of his own righteousness is a vital need to him, and it may be taken for granted that no big event of his life is unaccompanied by the highest moral feeling within him. This splendor of righteousness seems to be almost a biological necessity in human action. Whenever we throw our whole soul into what we are doing we have hallowed that thing. Let doubt obtrude, let some question of our own righteousness arise, and it is as if the whole organism had been jolted and balked. No nation fights well unless it fights for God, Freedom, Humanity, and with a consciousness that all the past and all the future are applauding. It is folly to question the sincerity of Germany or of Italy or of Mr. Bryan, if by sincerity is meant the wholehearted feeling of Germans, Italians, and Mr. Bryan that they are on the side of right. When Nietzsche said that a good war hallows any cause he did more than exalt the warrior. He uttered the deepest criticism of the warrior, which is that we do not so much fight for what is right as call righteousness that for which we fight.

The fact that we have done something for a long time, or that we want very much to do something, the fact that men have lived and died for a cause or an institution, gives to it that exaltation of feeling which we describe as goodness. The number of men who, knowing the good, deliberately choose evil, and having chosen it still call it evil, is exceedingly small. It is a bad thief who cannot justify himself, it is a feeble war in which everybody concerned is not engaged in a holy struggle. The friction of two nations may have developed out of commercial competition in cotton goods, freight steamers and perambulators, in a conflict over concessions in unexplored countries, but by the time all this antagonism has reached the fever pitch of war, it will have shaped itself as an antagonism of culture, human rights, and mortal destinies. And once the war is on, religion, science, and human reason will sanctify it.

This complexity of motives is what makes such simple words as "sincere" and "insincere" inadequate as explanations of any great event. It means little to Mr. Bryan to be told that his ambition to lead, while put out of his conscious mind, has still remained part of his real character; that the self-sacrifice to Woodrow Wilson has irritated him more deeply than he realized; that the rôle of unconsidered dummy was galling; that the continual harping of the newspapers on his incompetency, his ignorance, was more than the human ego could stand; and that the failure of the President even to consult him at the time of the Lusitania crisis was a terrible humiliation. Mr. Bryan would say and believe that he is unselfish enough to have ignored all that. And no doubt he would regard it as unutterable cynicism if it were suggested that the desire to shake himself free of his insulting position and to assert himself against the President had finally expressed itself in the noble desire for peace. Yet one may well accept this as the probable psychology of his resignation without charging him with any conventional insincerity.

For over two years Mr. Bryan has not been himself. He has played a rôle for which his whole character unfitted him. Put into a false position by the political situation, he attempted that greatest of all sacrifices—a loyalty to Mr. Wilson accompanied by disloyalty to himself. The President

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and Mr. Bryan between them created a situation out of which no happy solution was possible. At first they both tried to make the best of it. Mr. Bryan probably made the hardest kind of effort to keep every selfish thought out of his waking mind. And in a very large measure he succeeded. He succeeded so well that he deceived himself and the public. But the real nature of a man will not long stay suppressed. In some form or other it breaks out; the human being cannot remake himself by sheer act of will. And when the real character appears, it seeks a mould which reason and morality will justify; it emerges in the best light possible. To the person himself the act of emancipation seems unselfish and wise.

Yet the wisdom, while satisfying to him, may seem like the purest folly to others. In Mr. Bryan's case the train of events, the personal humiliation, the necessity of signing the first two notes, probably created a rising dissatisfaction. It was the last straw that broke the camel's back; the last straw—for to the rest of us it seems only a straw—was to Mr. Bryan the final weight which caused him to revolt. In revolting he returned to the best in his older self. He resumed the thread of his life, and became again what he had always been. Troubled as he undoubtedly was, it must nevertheless have been a great relief to him. He was free, he had asserted himself, he was noble again, and though he must seem to himself at the moment a good man pretty much alone with God, yet the knowledge of that will comfort him, and give him a sense that in time the world will approve his act.

And though at this hour he sincerely believes that he differs with Mr. Wilson only on foreign affairs, yet it may safely be prophesied that he will soon find other things to criticize. He does not mean to fight the President all along the line, but sooner or later he will find reasons for doing so. It is unthinkable that a man who is a revivalist by temperament should not see with great clearness why the Democratic party must be rescued from the control of Woodrow Wilson.

## The Burden of Presidential Office

THE perplexities and embarrassments of President Wilson's situation during the past few weeks have excited general sympathy. Rarely has the political chief of a great nation been confronted with a more formidable and vexatious combination of personal and public problems. Just when he was handling a diplomatic negotiation of the utmost importance and delicacy—one which threatened his country with the alternative of a humiliating peace or a distracting war—he was disconcerted by a deplorable defection in the membership of his own personal staff. His Secretary of State proposed to resign on a pretext, which not only weakened the President's hand in his negotiations with Germany and increased domestic opposition to a possibly unavoidable war, but promised future dissensions in the party upon whose undivided support the success of his administration depended. The crisis required the exhibition of patient good temper, balance and coolness of judgment, intellectual alertness and ingenuity, and tenacity of purpose. He endured the test without betraying any symptoms of infirmity. The letter accepting Mr. Bryan's resignation was bravely and discreetly worded. The note to Germany was too long delayed, but it was conciliating enough to confound Mr. Bryan and firm enough to challenge German attention.

This mixture of diversity and stress in the President's burden is of more than temporary and occasional importance. Many peculiar circumstances served to complicate and intensify the issues of this particular crisis, but it differed in degree rather than in kind from the sort of test to which the office of President continually exposes its occupant. The Presidency has come to bring with it a variety of official and unofficial responsibilities which are unprecedented in the history of political leadership. The President has the responsibilities but not the powers of an autocrat. He is obliged to make some sort of personal adjustment among a bewildering and contradictory mass of activities. He is legally the executive chief of a nation of one hundred million people whose Constitution subordinates the administration to the law. The executive responsibility is wholly and exclusively his. The heads of departments are his clerks. The Cabinet has no collective authority or collective individuality save by his permission and contrivance. These official duties would seem to be sufficiently onerous, but they are less so than the unofficial duties. The American nation is governed by parties, and he is the chief of a party as well as of a state. His Cabinet officers are usually men of power in the party, whose actual is greater than their legal authority. His party is always pressing him to subordinate administrative efficiency to partisan welfare. It is asking him to outline and promote a legislative program, and to keep in line the rebellious and the reluctant members of the party in Congress. He could not succeed in meeting the demands made by his party were he not more than a party leader.

The Presidency has in truth become the great representative agency in the national political system, the vehicle through which the prevailing national will gets itself expressed and the dominant public opinion comes to self-consciousness. The

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President's relationship to public opinion brings with it the most anxious and trying part of his work. It serves to fuse his official and unofficial powers, but it also makes their successful exercise depend upon his ability to guide and to satisfy the movement of more or less elusive and unaccountable intellectual and moral forces. He needs to be both a performer and a publicity agent, a manufacturer and a salesman, a candid friend and a skilled negotiator, a man who can combine a discretion with utterance and thought with action.

No man can do well everything that a President ought to do well. Each successive occupant of the office works out a different and more or less adequate personal adjustment to its varied requirements, an adjustment which usually means the acceptance of certain sacrifices in order to accomplish certain results. Mr. Wilson's predecessor, Mr. Taft, did not scruple to make the sacrifices, but he did not succeed in accomplishing the results. He made himself very accessible to many people without being able to assimilate their ideas. He traveled assiduously around the country without bringing back any useful impression of its local states of mind. He made a great many speeches which increased the unpopularity of his policies. He was capable of being so conciliatory that his behavior looked like weakness. At other times he was so obstinate that his behavior looked like pig-headedness. He was usually persuaded to make concessions to his critics after concessions were too late. He was ready to reconsider all his opinions except those which fundamentally perverted his political and legal thinking. His associates could hardly avoid liking him, but they could hardly succeed in being loyal to him. His case is worth the close attention of the political analyst, because it affords such a perfect example of the way in which an experienced, able, and well-intentioned man, by trying to be all kinds of President, succeeded in being no one kind of President.

If Mr. Taft's performance had the flavor of comedy, that which Mr. Wilson is now giving has some of the intensity of a tragic drama. Mr. Taft allowed his personality to be redistributed in response to the exigencies of his office. He was too easily diverted, too inexpensively good-natured, too indolent, too irresponsible, and in spots too irritably obstinate. Mr. Wilson is moulding the office to suit his own habits of self-expression. His strength consists in his concentration. He is dealing with the Presidency as a self-centered artist deals with an arduous and exhausting piece of work. All his resources and ability are collected and economically employed for the purpose of doing a good job. Being an able man possessed of exaltation of purpose, he is doing in certain respects a very good job, but he is doing it at the cost of a complete and dangerous isolation. Except for a few indispensable supernumeraries he is alone in his workshop. He is painting the record of his administration with intrepidity, with intensity of vision and with circumspection, but like a genuine artist he is acutely conscious of his own processes, and he is scrupulously inaccessible. The peculiar eminence of the Presidential office is emphasized by the loneliness of the present occupant. He believes so absolutely in himself and depends so absolutely on himself, that the responsibilities inseparable from his work, so far from being mitigated, have been actually increased. The tentativeness of Mr. Taft has been changed into a dangerous finality—dangerous because it incurs the risk, as a consequence of the President's isolation, of overlooking facts or ideas that demand to be recognized. If Mr. Wilson fails his failure may be flagrant and disastrous, but it will not be purposeless and ignoble.

What is to become of the great office which so ruthlessly tests the abilities of its occupant and so pitilessly publishes his defects? Year by year its work is becoming more exacting. Public opinion is more than ever looking to the President for guidance through the maze of perplexing national problems. The President rather than Congress or the Constitution has become the instrument of national cohesion. The American government is becoming less a matter of legislation and of law and more a matter of administration. The Democrats, the traditional enemies of administrative aggrandizement, have themselves been persuaded to add two important commissions to the existing list. The foreign policy of the country, which must be formulated and carried out almost exclusively by the executive, will demand increasingly prolonged and anxious consideration. Can anything be done to distribute the responsibility and divide up the work? Autocrats faced by a similar problem are either broken by it or incorporate themselves into a system. Caesars have always proved to be impossible without Caesarism. Even Napoleon's mushroom empire developed within a few years into Napoleonism. But for the American democracy such an alternative would be wholly impossible. Our President is not an autocrat, and his office cannot be made into a system. Its official powers are too restricted, its unofficial powers depend too much upon the successful exercise of exceptional personal ability. The existing responsibilities of the President cannot be organized; they must be transferred.

The only existing body capable of assuming some of the President's responsibilities is the Cabinet. The institution offers promising opportunities for development. It can scarcely develop wholesomely as long as the Cabinet officers are merely the Presi-

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dent's clerks, and the President himself cannot make them anything else save by a temporary act of grace. But Congress can. By permitting Cabinet officers to appear in the House and the Senate for the purpose of answering questions, explaining administrative problems, and advocating legislation, Congress would be making the Cabinet more useful to the President and more independent of him. By so doing Congress would not be increasing the power of the executive, it would be increasing its own power over the executive and at least tending to put the executive into commission. The President would need to be surrounded with abler men, capable of exercising influence on Congress and on public opinion, and among whom his exhausting responsibilities might be somewhat divided. Our Cabinet would cease to be merely part of an administration, and, while remaining subordinate to the President, would tend to acquire the vitality and the dignity of a government.

## A Condition of Agreement Among Nations

ONE great opportunity has been missed by the American government and by intelligent public opinion to make our influence effective on behalf of a better understanding among the European nations. The rancors and grievances of the belligerents could not be soothed, their conflicting national interests could not be composed, the controversies among them could not be reduced to any group of even semi-acceptable formulas. But what could have been done was to seek the establishment in relation to the controversies growing out of the war of an unimpeachable basis of fact. Such an attempt to collect relevant and authentic facts will doubtless look like an humble task to those who wish the United States to stand upon a lofty platform and mediate among the European nations, or to those who wish to persuade the fighters to beat their swords into ploughshares. But it is less humble and more effective than it seems. After the war the greatest obstacle to any fertile and candid international discussion of its lessons will be the inability of Englishmen and Germans to accept a common basis of fact. The Germans are surrounded by a world of real or supposed truth in relation to the war which is as different from that of an Englishman as the real world of a Phoenician differed from that of a Greek. The intellectual differences are derived chiefly from conflicting ideals and philosophies, but their area could be enormously reduced by a reduction in the number of controverted facts. As soon as honest men agree upon a common statement of facts, they are much less likely to make too seriously divergent interpretations.

The government of the United States had the best of excuses for the appointment of a commission to investigate accusations and establish their truth. The several belligerent nations have presented more or less formal charges in Washington that their enemies were violating international law and common human decency. No impartial judge can be expected to accept such charges on the simple statement of the aggrieved government. An answer could always have been returned to the complainant, stating that the American government, as one of the signatories of the Hague convention, would willingly accept the responsibility of investigating the alleged violation of its rules. The nation which resisted such an investigation would then become suspect. A report made by the Commission of Inquiry would possess an authority which would be binding upon fair-minded people of all countries. No German can be expected to accept a report on Belgian atrocities issued even by such an eminent English commission as that of Lord Bryce. During the progress of the war Germans might be equally unwilling to accept an adverse report by an impartial commission. But when the war was over the facts established by such inquiries would begin to be authoritative for Germans even when they counted against Germany. In so far as they were accepted, international intercourse, other than that of shrieking defiance and shaking fists in one another's faces, would again be possible.

If another Hague congress ever takes place the friends of peace should make immediate effort to constitute international commissions of inquiry which would begin their work as soon as war breaks out. They would be difficult to organize but not impossible, and the appointment to them of jurists from several neutral countries would make their investigation even more authoritative than that of a commission composed of the citizens of any one neutral state. In the absence of an official machinery of investigation a group of Swiss jurists is at the present time soliciting support in this country for the establishment of unofficial commissions of inquiry by impartial and competent international lawyers from all the neutral countries. They should receive the support for which they ask. Science may come to the rescue of internationalism. Even though so many scientists have, since the war broke out, been reasoning about their enemies after the manner of Choctaw Indians, the authority of science has not been destroyed. English and Germans are divided in their feelings, their interests, their philosophy and their religion, but both nations still accept the law of gravitation. Knowledge is based on general consent, and in so far as it exists it promotes intercourse and compels agreement.

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# The New Pioneer

CIVILIZATION often seems like an old drunkard who is forever taking one more drink to work off the effects of a previous drink, or like a chronic debtor who is always borrowing upon the future to refund the past. It never seems to catch up with itself, to start as freshly as it would like to. Because their fathers fought, children are taught to hate; and when they grow up they also fight, leaving to their children a new heritage of hate. Because their fathers gave over a continent to aimless exploitation, the new generation finds itself entangled in a network of law and tradition and vested right from which it cannot free itself except by injuring those who have done no wrong. Because our ancestors lived in huddled cities we go on building upon narrow and tortuous streets, sinking our capital in mistakes which age makes it more and more difficult to retrieve. The original cowpaths of Boston have become picturesque slums which support innocent ladies and stifle the health and the happiness of other people's children. Attack these slums and you attack helplessness itself; try to widen and ventilate, and you will find that you have struck at the security of the innocent. This is the real strength of the past and the overwhelming grip it has upon our lives. It lives on, not because intelligence can defend it, but because it has become so intimate a part of us that to cut it out seems a little too cruel.

A sense of this has made it a requirement of all Utopias that ancestral debts shall be cancelled. Thus men invent islands in the Pacific or inaccessible plateaus where history has left no monuments. In the same spirit the emigrant leaves behind him the accumulated weariness of older countries, and the pioneer the stale maturity of his home. He goes west where there is a chance to hope again. It is as if freedom were to be had in uncut forests, as if virgin soil made a virgin mind, as if only on earth that has no history could a cleaner future be planned. Men have moved from tired lands to fresher ones, from close civilizations to more open spaces. They have meant to leave behind them a past which was mulled over and oppressive. In Utopia they could begin again.

But in reality they left little behind them. Their habits and their prejudices they brought with them; they imagined that freedom was the absence of tyrants, and forgot that it is something to be built as well as something to be torn down. On new soil the old wrongs grew up again, grew up because they are the fruits of aimlessness, because men in seeking new territory had not sought also new modes of thought. The fresh land has grown a little weary, and it also nourishes riches and poverty, disease and congestion, class distinction, race prejudice, fear and hate. The happenings of the past the immigrants left behind them, its essentials they imported in their hearts and minds. They were not schooled to freedom; how then could they be free?

Now a new territory is to be opened—the territory of Alaska. It is the first soil that has ever been planted by a people which has at least the tradition of democracy. It is also the last great fertile and temperate land on which Western civilization can start freshly. Lying on the rim of the Pacific, its settlement will complete the circle of the globe. It is in a sense the last chance and the best one, for in Alaska a democracy which has grown critical of its own mistakes can show what it has learned. Alaska can be made a happy civilization, the distilled experience of America; there at least we need not repeat our every blunder.

Half consciously we have felt this, and the long struggle to save Alaskan resources from monopoly was inspired by it. That struggle has been won, and the next step is to be taken. This step is far more difficult, for we have to lay plans now instead of fighting the exploiter. We have to propose an economic development which will keep opportunity open while it attracts enterprise. We have to lay down railroads, town sites, schools, homes; we have to regulate property and establish government; we have to foresee industrial and agricultural growth, and make sure that it is harmonious and sane. We have to train men for the task, and draw to the Alaskan problem a high quality of creative statesmanship. There is a new kind of pioneering to be done in Alaska, the pioneering of an educated democracy. It is a task beside which the building of the Panama Canal is a small enterprise, for Alaska is not merely a highway, it is the opportunity of a great state. It is a very sacred trust, for we are building a whole civilization.

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# Fact of War and Hope of Peace

RADICAL pacifism and radical militarism both rest upon a one-sided view of the great human problem of international polity. In coming to see the error of both of these forms of propaganda, we shall, I believe, approximate to something like a balanced and adequate view. Radical pacifism may be said to contain two ideas, non-resistance, and neutralism. Non-resistance is commonly confused with unselfishness. As a matter of fact, however, under present conditions it would mean saving one's own skin and one's own feelings while others' suffered. No one will dispute the right of an individual to submit passively to abuse, provided he receives the abuse upon his own person. There may even be a certain dignity in such non-resistance. An individual may be "too proud to fight"—for himself. The real test of the principle comes when you apply it to the defense of those you love. No man should announce himself an advocate of non-resistance who is not prepared to acquiesce in the violation of his wife or daughter. No woman can be at heart non-resistant unless she means that she is willing to surrender her child to torture. No American can utterly abrogate the resort to arms unless he can think with equanimity of the extinction of his race or the crushing of those institutions which now stir his civic pride and loyalty. For these are the evils which an attacking enemy may seek to perpetrate, and which defensive warfare aims to forestall. The enemy's will in the matter cannot be controlled. It takes two to make peace, but either party may at his own discretion threaten the other with the blackest evil which his imagination can invent. He may force upon whomever he elects to be his enemy the dilemma of armed resistance or of submission to any outrage that his victim may deem most unendurable. To be non-resistant must mean, then, that one regards nothing as unendurable—even the loss of what one loves or admires or has sworn to serve and protect.

There is a theory that non-resistance will soften arrogance and disarm brutality. This theory is based upon the extension to group actions and emotions of influences that may occasionally be exerted by one personality upon another. Collective non-resistance evokes only contempt. The effect of non-resistance when practised by a whole race or nation is unmistakably apparent in the history of the Jews and of China. A caste or conquering race that is accustomed to the meekness of inferiors grows hard and arrogant. Unless in the last analysis men or nations are ready to fight for their honor and their treasures, material and spiritual, they raise up enemies whom they invite to despoil them. Those are respected who possess reserves of rugged determination, who wear a quiet and unconscious air of willingness to defend with their lives whatever they hold to be priceless—their goods, their country, their friends, their loved ones, their possessions, or their principles.

The other idea which distinguishes radical pacifism is neutralism. This means refusing to take sides, reserving judgment in the presence of the great struggle. It manifests itself in the present crisis in the attitude of those who declare that all parties are equally to blame or equally innocent. It is an easygoing policy, for it saves the pain of decision, and permits the mind to muddle along in a state of flabby vacillation and procrastination. The present crisis is like every great political and social crisis in that it is the resultant of many forces, which it takes hard thinking and clear seeing to disentangle. If one is to stand aside because a problem is complicated one may as well go into a hermit's cell and be done with it. To be effective in this world is to hazard a judgment and to commit oneself to it.

The worst of it is that neutrality may so easily become a habit and render one permanently hesitant and weak. It begets indifference, when it does not spring from it. If one cares much for one's flag one will find it flying somewhere and follow it. Furthermore, those who proclaim neutralism as a part of the creed of pacifism forget that the possibility of permanent peace depends upon the cultivation of sentiment and opinion. It is absolutely impossible that there should be a public opinion strong enough to secure peace which shall not be terrible to those who disturb the peace. One cannot hate lawlessness and brutality without hating those who perpetrate or instigate them. To be tolerant of manifest and present evil is to emasculate one's moral consciousness. In that future time when state war is as exceptional as private war is to-day, it will be necessary that a lawless state shall be visited with the same resentment and swift condemnation that is now visited upon the lawless individual. When, therefore, one seeks in the name of peace to suppress the strong sentiment that is widely felt against that nation which surpasses all others in violence and cruelty, one is counteracting the very force by which one's cause may hope to triumph.

Non-resistance and neutralism are the false friends of peace. They bring disrepute upon it.

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There can be no propaganda that is effective and morally sound which requires one to yield weakly to hostile attack, or to emasculate one's judgment. If there be any excuse for these excesses in the name of peace, it is the like tendency to exaggeration which marks the exponents of war. False or radical militarism is characterized by two ideas. The first of these is the belief in the necessity or institutional character of war. Plato, as a matter of course, divided his Republic into warriors, merchants and guardians. He regarded war as a natural function of the political organism, and the warrior as the embodiment of spiritedness and courage. We are now coming to the view that war is a disease to which the race is peculiarly liable in its infancy, but from which it may hope to secure immunity in its maturity. War is now known to be natural not in any final or ideal sense, but in the sense of being crude and primitive. It is one of the things that civilization seeks not to perfect, but to outgrow and put aside altogether. Viewed in this light, the soldier is the symbol not of manly virtue, but of affliction and painful necessity. He is as much out of place in the perfected society as the rat-catcher or the policeman. The cost of war has grown unbearable, and is now reckoned more accurately. Its effects have grown more fatal in proportion as social organization has grown more elaborate and more delicately adjusted. Its essential clumsiness and wastefulness, its swift and prodigious destructiveness, are intolerable in an age devoted to constructive and progressive civilization. Meanwhile its methods have so altered that it has almost wholly ceased to be an art or a romantic adventure which may appeal to the amateur or which a man may follow as a polite vocation. It is even ceasing to possess a code of honor. It is ugly, sordid and prosaic, offensive to taste and repugnant to humanity.

We have also come to understand that war is not even irremediable. It is determined by no law of human nature. Even were self-interest the law of human nature, that law would dictate peace and not war. For security is more profitable than lawless aggression, and property is worth more than plunder. But self-interest is *not* the law of human nature. There are instincts of neighborliness which increase in their range as news and travel increase the circle of one's neighborhood. There are other instincts, it is true, which lend themselves to warlike uses; and owing to an accidental emphasis in psychological theory, we have recently heard much of them. But though there be an instinct of pugnacity, there is no instinct of war. War is only one of divers ways in which the instinct of pugnacity may find expression. One may be equally pugnacious in the interest of saving souls or eradicating disease. One may even be pugnacious in the cause of peace. For just because pugnacity is an instinct, it is modifiable and plastic. Not only is it balanced by other and contrary instincts, but it does not issue in conduct until it has assumed the form of habit, purpose or conscious will. Man has instincts, but he is not possessed by them. He is called an intelligent or rational being because he can check, regulate and guide his instincts by the light of knowledge, and direct them to the good ends that his judgment may adopt.

A fatalistic acquiescence in war, the acceptance of it as permanent and inevitable, is the first sign of the radical militarist. The second is suspicion or misanthropy. Within certain limits it is an almost infallible law of human nature that we shall receive from men what we manifestly expect of them. He who goes about with scorn or truculence or cold suspicion written on his face will find it reflected in every face he sees. He who does not expect to be spoken to will find himself cut by his acquaintances; the man of cold reserve will find himself living in a community of snobs. On the other hand, a child wins kind words and kind looks because he so unhesitatingly and confidently assumes that he is going to get them. The misanthrope thinks that he finds confirmation of his opinion from the facts, whereas in reality he causes the facts himself.

A like phenomenon appears in the relations of nations. Suspicion begets suspicion; suspicion mounts to hatred, which begets hatred; while all the time a different original attitude might have stimulated a latent kindliness or called attention to common interests and so have led to a habit of friendship. Mischievous gossip may do much to create artificial enmities between one man and another. Between nations this danger is magnified by the difficulty of obtaining news, and by the possibility that the very instrumentalities of news may be used to provoke and foster enmity. There is therefore need of a good will that shall not only be cordial and resolute, but that shall accord the benefit of the doubt. There was never greater need of such an attitude than at the present time, nor a better application than our relations with Japan. A sneering contempt for the motives of others, a quickness to believe malicious or chance rumors when they agree with the creed of selfishness, and to charge every profession of disinterestedness with insincerity—nothing could be better calculated than this to suppress whatever impulses to generosity, candor and cordiality our human nature prompts. Such an attitude is neither enlightened nor humane. It is a persistent belief only in the worse possibilities, and so is unscientific; it acts as a restraint upon the better possibilities, and so is mischievous.

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Such are the extravagances of a false pacifism and of a false militarism. In so far as they are committed to these extravagances both propagandas must be rejected. It is an intolerable dilemma which forces one to choose between being a sentimentalist and a reactionary. The great majority of thinking men must decline to be either. The association of both propagandas with their extravagances tends to a state of hopelessness and inaction, and obscures the real problem. It is necessary to move forward in this matter, as in all other great affairs that involve collective action, by a series of steps that shall secure new benefits without forfeiting old. What all men must desire to secure is a durable peace without loss of liberty, honor or self-respect. Any plan by which one buys off one's enemy by the surrender of independence or principle is wholly beside the point. By tame submission to allow any belligerent to have his way is to confirm him in his creed of lawless aggression. On the other hand, to fall back on the old shibboleths of nationalism and patriotism is to acknowledge the failure of civilization. It follows that nations must so fight for their liberties and their principles as to bring that day nearer when it shall no longer be necessary to fight for them.

There is a widespread impression that there is something incompatible between these two attitudes, the acceptance of war as a deplorable present necessity, and the pursuit of peace as a glorious hope. But there is no such incompatibility. On the contrary such a mixture of expediency and idealism is one of the most familiar and universal facts of life. That which distinguishes constructive progress from mere pious wishing is the use of present means to bring one forward towards one's end. The present means will always be of that age which one seeks to leave behind. It is necessary to walk until one can ride, and to ride until one can fly. It is only the fanatical mind which fails to see so obvious a fact or to govern itself by a principle so fundamental and so indispensable to all forward action.

I submit, then, that we need a propaganda that shall take the middle ground, and recognize the real problem. In place of war parties and peace parties that exaggerate their own half truths, and ignore all other half truths, thus blinding our eyes and impotently consuming our passions and energies, we need the wise and balanced mind, adjusted to the needs of the hour and inspired with hope of the future. Persons so minded will agree that there is war in fact, and that so long as there is war there is danger. Where there is danger any thoughtful mind must commend caution and foresight, so that the danger may be well and effectively met in proportion to its imminence and its magnitude. But it is no less true that the hope of peace must be kept bright and that the purpose to attain permanent peace must be undaunted. Prophecy and inspiration are as important as efficiency and trained judgment. It is no less important to contrive new social and political devices and to agitate for their application and trial. Projects for disarmament, for an international court, or for the publicity of diplomatic negotiations, should not be regarded as vain imaginings because they depart from ancient practice, but as inventions by which after trial and selection men may eventually forge the tools by which to establish a new and better practice. In short, the upward road of progress can be ascended only by one who both keeps his footing secure, and looks ahead with ardor and imagination.

RALPH BARTON PERRY.

# A Colonial Farmer's Letters

"HE is an American, who, leaving behind him all his ancient prejudices and manners, receives new ones from the new mode of life he has embraced, the new rank he holds. He becomes an American by being received in the broad lap of our great Alma Mater. Here individuals of all nations are melted together into a new race of men, whose labors and posterity will one day cause great changes in the world." In these words J. Hector St. John de Crevecoeur, author of "Letters from an American Farmer," anticipated Israel Zangwill's famous metaphor by about a hundred and thirty years. For this American farmer, born in France and schooled in England, was a subject of George III when he self-consciously took his pen in hand to address the gentle reader.

He had been in the colonies ten or a dozen years after serving first in Canada under French colors, and up to 1776 words could hardly express his contentment as citizen landholder. America was not merely a promised land which offered fine prospects to the European peasant; it was a land of promise, full of illimitable hopes to the men who were already beginning to realize them. Against the background of accumulated misery beyond the Atlantic, the rights to own, to work, and to have a real voice in the government seemed to him even fairer in fact than in fancy. He was not a parlor democrat; he was quite undeluded about the joys of a carefree life in the depths of the forest or under the blue vault of heaven. On the contrary he enjoyed hard work because he could also enjoy the fruits of it, and he enjoyed it all the more because he knew that in making an ear of corn grow where none had

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grown before, he was the best kind of pioneer. To his sorrow he knew much about the ugliness of an old civilization. It was with the zest of a youthful lover that he celebrated the virgin beauty of this new country's inexperience.

He felt a perfect satisfaction in his own domain. He could concede Emerson two hundred years of local ancestry and yet with equal pride "affirm, my actions smack of the soil." With his baby boy ingeniously rigged before him on the plow, he reckoned the increase of his fields, herds, flocks—even his hives, and acknowledged inferiority "only to the Emperor of China, ploughing as an example to his kingdom." Then looking beyond his own little acreage he hinted at future industries. He was tilling the surface; there must be further treasures below. He and his neighbors were weaving the natural wool; some chemist must make and prepare colors. Commerce must follow on the heels of abundant production; "the avenues of trade are infinite." And in time the deep vast of the West must be explored and subjugated in its turn.

Moreover, above all these material resources he rejoiced in the human stream which flowed in to fertilize them. British and north European thrift and industry were to profit by nature's gifts, and in the process were to be welded into an incomparable population. For this as for his other assertions he had good ground, and he has had later confirmation. And yet the twentieth century reader looks over Crevecoeur's pre-Revolution pages with a kind of wistful impatience. The American farmer was keenly prophetic at many points, but at none perhaps more truly than in the unconscious prophecy in his own bland optimism. It was typically American of him to give thanks for the goodness of God, to predict fondly of his country's golden future, and to rely with implicit confidence upon a "manifest Destiny." His vision was the vision of a man perched in the small end of an infinite horn of plenty, with a vista unclouded by the hint of any limit to the supply, or of any possible conflict between gluttony and hunger.

Throughout eleven of the twelve letters, evidently written before 1775, Crevecoeur continued in this exalted mood. Whether he was presenting the "provincial situation, manners and customs" of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard, or of the central Atlantic, or of the southern colonies, his senses and his judgment were equally satisfied. Industry prevailed. The wilderness was being converted into towns, farms, and highways. "A pleasing uniformity of decent competence" was a rule of the democracy. The indulgent laws created no civic or economic complications. It was even a source of congratulation that in the absence of sectarian zeal there was perhaps being left "a vacuum fit to receive other systems"—a vacuum which is still the annual recipient of some dozens of new religious cults.

In fact, along the whole coast there was only one practice which deserved the name of a problem, and that was the institution of slavery. Against this, which existed both north and south, Crevecoeur protested, just as Samuel Sewell and John Woolman had done before him, and as Timothy Dwight and Joel Barlow in Connecticut, and William Pinckney and other legislators and abolitionists in Maryland and Virginia, were soon to do after him. Yet, however sincere he was, he regarded slavery as a blemish rather than as an organic weakness. It was a mistake of which the colonist was guilty, not an imposition under which he was suffering.

With the twelfth letter came a total change of key. It was evidently composed long after the others, after the outbreak of the war, perhaps after his New Jersey property had been burned, possibly during his return voyage to France in the autumn of 1780. As a naturalized American now fifty-one years of age, he had been forced into a conflict not of his own making, to choose between his sworn allegiance and the interests of his countrymen. He sympathized with the American cause, though he did not enlist. And then in the years that followed he learned—the perennial lesson of wartime—of the vanity of human wishes. Unhappily for the moral of this tale his final action was far from heroic. In the concluding letter, quite in the manner of Rousseau, he decided to abandon the struggle and to take up life with his family among the western Indians. He would abjure all talk of politics, "contemplate nature in her most wild and ample extent," and work up among his adopted neighbors a new system of happiness. As a matter of fact, however, he retreated to the continent, lived contentedly in Paris, London, and Munich, married his daughter to a French count, wrote three volumes on Pennsylvania and New York, and memorialized his career as a farmer by inditing a paper on potato culture.

Although such a turn of events resulted in very much of an anticlimax, this should not obscure the prophetic quality in his "Letters"; nor should his failure to predict all sorts of modern contingencies throw any shadow on the clarity with which he foresaw certain of them. It is true, of course, that he did not understand the full implications of slavery; that he knew immigration only as a benignant supply of labor to an unmanned continent; that he did not dream of the industrial complexities of the present. But when he said that the American, sprung from Europe but here wrought into a new nation, "ought, therefore, to love this country much better

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than that wherein either he or his forefathers were born," he was saying what has been reiterated with new conviction ten thousand times since the seventh of May. And when he declared that "The American is a new man, who acts upon new principles," he was presaging certain recent Presidential utterances which the old world is still hesitant to label. The possibility of being too proud to fight, the subordination of national interest to the interest of mankind, this new language is the language of the new principles which Crevecoeur was invoking. To silly people the sound of a new language is primitively amusing; to the dull-witted and the inattentive it is a source of bewilderment or irritation; to those who have the gift of tongues it is likely to furnish some vague adumbrations even at first utterance; but no one fully understands it at once.

It is nearly a century and a half since Crevecoeur tried to answer the question "What is an American?" Much has happened since then; much of what he predicted has come true—enough to make one speculate in all humility on what may be the next step for that "new race of men, whose labours and posterity will one day cause great changes in the world."

PERCY H. BOYNTON.

# A Future for the Republican Party

NOT for twenty years has the Republican party entered upon a Presidential campaign as the party of opposition. In the last four campaigns it has prepared its record in Congress, rallied about its leader in the White House, and gone before the people "on its record of achievement."

But now a campaign approaches in which the party can present a record of achievement no nearer than six years in the past. Indeed it is doubtful whether the party will refer in its platform or on the stump to much of anything subsequent to 1908. How significant a departure this will be must appeal to anyone who has followed with admiration, and with some amusement, the regularity of the procession of "point-with-pride planks" in successive Republican platforms. Nothing has been more characteristic of the Republican party since its second birth in 1868 than its reliance upon its record in office to carry it triumphantly through another campaign. Only twice in the subsequent forty-eight years has it been the party of opposition—in 1888 and in 1896—and in neither case in the degree that it will be in 1916, for in both years it had control of one or both houses of Congress. In each case it used its partial control of the government to prepare a record in Congress that should minimize its character as an opposition. In both cases it succeeded in establishing a position, and it was the Democracy that was forced to advance to the attack. No such possibility now presents itself. For the first time since its first campaign it is entirely a party of opposition.

It is perhaps no wonder, then, that the Republican party is engaged in an unwonted discussion. During the first eighteen months of the Wilson administration Republicans contented themselves with the time-worn profession that the Democracy would blunder and prove an easy victim. But the President and his party reached the mid-term elections without serious mishap, and owing to a group of favoring circumstances succeeded in retaining control of both houses of Congress. This feat the Democracy had not accomplished since the Republican party had been its antagonist. As a result the Republicans entered upon the second half of the Wilson administration deprived of the anticipated vantage ground for preparing the record for the Presidential campaign; and since this outcome of the Congressional elections their assertions have revealed a confusion of thought that might be expected of leaders long trained to defensive campaigning, who have but dimly realized the need for a Republican attack upon a party entrenched in power.

As yet much of the Republican discussion shows the training of years of uninterrupted success. There appears to be much reliance upon "uneasy business interests"; that is, an expectancy that such interests will support the Republican ticket. Such a view overlooks the fact that the stability of present business conditions lies in the keeping of the party that has now absolute control of the national government, and also that recent months have witnessed the approval of that party's course by groups of important business interests. The Democratic party control of the Senate will serve to block any Republican legislation prior to 1919 at the earliest, and "uneasy business interests" have been impressed by this stretch of Democratic years, even though Republican spokesmen have not. The *status quo*, so long the reliance of Republicans, is not now Republican, nor even divided between the parties; it is definitely Democratic.

Aroused by President Wilson's partisan speech at Indianapolis, Republicans have more recently turned to a rehearsal of the achievements of their party during the administrations of Mr. Roosevelt.

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They may continue to do this, although it is somewhat confusing to the person who has vivid memories of the last Republican national convention, but at best it must be of constantly decreasing value, when compared with the much more recent achievements of the Democracy under the leadership of a man who, in the popular mind, has become the embodiment of the party that he is now leading. In 1916 the Democracy may dare to point to the past: there are signs that it will do little else, perhaps from a desire to copy the conduct of its long-time successful rival, perhaps from absolute uncertainty. But the Republicans must face the future, courageously as they did in 1856, or half-heartedly as McKinley did forty years later.

In nothing is the bewilderment of the Republicans shown so clearly as in the consideration of possible Republican nominees for the presidency. The succession of names that have appeared in the public journals fall into two groups: those who are representative of the heyday of Republican power, and those who represent the Republican phases of Bryanism. Of the former, no name formerly appeared with greater frequency than that of Justice Hughes, and none would appear to offer a better chance of restoring Republican rule in the accustomed Republican way. Representative of all that is most admirable in the period that has fostered Republicanism, and with reputation acquired in New York State that would seem to answer all surface questionings of ability or independence, it is not strange that a number of Republican publicists have long urged the desirability of such a nomination. But in offering this candidacy as in a lesser degree in the movement for ex-President Taft, ex-Senator Root and ex-Ambassador Herrick, there is no appreciation shown of the fact that the Republicans must wage a campaign of aggression. These candidates, any one of whom may be admirably equipped to carry on the tradition of the party, are absolutely unfitted to meet the exigencies of the present situation.

Nor do the sponsors for the second group of candidates seem happier in their diagnosis of the demands of the present situation. Unquestionably at least a third, possibly more, of Republican voters have been won in recent years to the propaganda of "restoration of government to the people." No more than the more conservative members of their party would they change the face of politics. Their candidates reveal in their records revolt against party tyranny and campaigns for reform, but also unquenchable enthusiasm for Republicanism. Of their leaders no name is more widely known than that of Senator La Follette. That it appears infrequently in the list of candidates since 1912 is not due to his lack of loyalty to the Republican party. There has arisen a wide-spread feeling that the long period of agitation has unfitted him for the role of leadership of the party. This feeling is, of course, based on the experience of the party with Presidents of the character of the first group. Should a majority of the party be prepared to embrace the Republican phases of Bryanism, no candidate could so ably and truly represent in an aggressive campaign as would Senator La Follette. The claims advanced for Senators Cummins and Borah are of the same character, only there is less intensity, less of the "insurgent spirit" that we have come to associate with the names of Bryan and La Follette. At times such a lessening degree would be of advantage, and in the case of Senator Borah it may be the result of an effort to assume the rôle of traditional Republican leadership, and also to continue to voice the demands of Western Republicanism. Mr. Roosevelt accomplished this feat for a considerable period of time, notably during the campaign of 1904, but it is doubtful whether it can be done again, and by a man from Idaho.

In the event of the nomination of a candidate from either wing of the party, it must become increasingly evident that the Democracy can present a much clearer and more definite record than can its opponent. The Democracy has the position of determination. If conservative Republicans attack, with their traditional and at present freely displayed weapons, it must be to convince the electorate that it is best to "turn back." If liberal Republicans attack, it must be, as Senator La Follette has lately urged, to convince the electorate to go further than has the Democracy. The country does not seem in a mood to do either. In controlling the government the Democracy has, at this crucial time, a strength that no campaign ever gave to it. In constituting a divided and confused opposition the Republicans have revealed a weakness that one finds hard to believe of a party that has so long had control of the government.

But in time there doubtless will appear in the councils of the party a real appreciation that the Republicans are on the offensive. Should the idea gain ascendancy in the party, there would be opportunity for the presentation of the issue that fate has placed at their disposal. Events entirely beyond our borders have given to the opponents of the Democracy a powerful weapon for attack and a means of bringing into being a party that shall retain the tenets of the party of strong government, but turn the use of that power to our development as a nation among nations. For the present the Democratic party has placed the nation in "splendid isolation" with reference to matters in Mexico, in the Far East and in Europe. The party of

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"Protection" might well find it possible to attack such a policy, and in view of developments at home and abroad it may seem advisable to them to call for "Participation" in affairs beyond our borders that vitally concern us.

Such an aggressive course of action has the danger of all propaganda urged at a time when the electorate is inclined to be cautious, yet it fulfills the present need of the Republican party for an issue that faces the future. Any possibility of success would require an aggressive leadership. It would not permit a nomination made in convention from a group of favorite sons. Of necessity there would be a pre-convention campaign of determination, enthusiasm, and, toward the end, of little uncertainty. To captain such a campaign a nationally-known leader would be essential; one more popular, if possible, than his program. Necessarily he would have a broad grasp of world affairs. To fulfill the demands for such a leadership none of the younger Republican leaders has thus far displayed capabilities. To remake the Republican party by captaining this campaign there appears at present but one possible candidate. All are agreed that this candidate has in years past manifested both conservative and liberal Republicanism. His nomination upon an issue he has done so much to make prominent, a vigorous foreign policy, points a future for the Republican party.

EDGAR E. ROBINSON.

# Freeing Alaska from Red Tape

IN a recent message to Congress President Wilson said of the Alaskan railroad that it "is only thrusting in the key to the storehouse and throwing back the lock and opening the door. How the tempting resources of the country are to be exploited is another matter. The resources must be used, but not destroyed or wasted; used, but not monopolized under any narrow idea of individual rights as against the abiding interest of communities."

This is the keynote of our new policy in Alaska. Instead of allowing the vast riches of that great territory to be exploited at the haphazard will or whim of individuals and corporations intent only upon quick and large profits for themselves, we have set our faces to the task of developing Alaska and its resources in a large, sane and conservative manner suited to the magnitude of the interests at stake.

Practically all the land and the natural resources of Alaska are still the property of the people of the United States. Until now we have only protected these riches against monopoly and waste, and the most cumbersome departmental machinery has sufficed. Hitherto we have done little more in Alaska than keep a few policemen stationed at closed doors to prevent breaking and entering. Now that we are to open the doors we need more than a police force.

Our work there now is to be broader and more complex. Mineral and other resources must be opened to use. The lands must be opened to settlement. There must be such administration of the laws as will give prompt and ready assistance, unhampered by red tape and unnecessary delays, to honest settlers, while protecting fully the rights of the nation against monopoly, fraud and waste.

There must be provided new and simple machinery for the successful working out of our program of improvement. There must be organized administration of the highest efficiency in order that "the abiding interest" of the people of the United States may not only be fully protected and conserved, but that the development of resources and industries incident to the opening of the territory may be encouraged and regulated with justice to all, and along lines carefully calculated to give the greatest lasting good to the greatest number. The new policy is not to invite a few men to exploit the cream of Alaska's riches, but to develop all the resources and possibilities of the territory harmoniously, for the best interests both of the people who go to Alaska and the people of the United States who own this great public domain.

Alaska's problems are largely peculiar to Alaska. Our present system of government there is heterologous. Instead of one government in Alaska we have a number—interlocked, overlapped, cumbersome and confusing. There is a government of the forests, a government of the fisheries, one of the reindeer and natives, another of the cables and telegraphs. There is a government for certain public lands and forests, another for other lands and forests. Each of these governments is intent upon its own particular business, jealous of its own success and prerogatives, and all are more or less unrelated and independent in their operation.

Division of authority and responsibility under this system, combined with the effort to direct administration at long distance in compliance with general regulations designed for the United States as well as Alaska, naturally results in much red tape and confusion. Especially is this true with respect to the administration of the laws for the disposal

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and protection of the public lands and natural resources. There is one procedure for making homestead, mineral and other land entries within the national forests; another procedure for making such entries in lands outside the forest reserves. Water power and power sites within the forest reserves are leased and operated under permits from the Forest Service—there is question whether authority exists for disposal and leasing of water power elsewhere in Alaska. A citizen who desired to lease an island for fox farming carried on a correspondence with three different Departments for several months in an effort to learn which had jurisdiction and authority to make the lease. It was finally decided that none of them possessed this authority.

Vast areas in the forest reserves of Alaska are entirely untimbered but are held under the regulations of the Forest Service, while timbered lands in other sections are unprotected. Timber in the national forests is sold at auction, under rules and regulations of the Department of Agriculture. Timber of lands outside these reserves is sold under wholly different rules and regulations, made by the Department of the Interior.

It has taken as long as three years for patent to issue in uncontested land claims in Alaska, after final certificate was issued, merely because of the lengthy procedure involved in securing the proper filling out of papers.

In filing a homestead location notice the homesteader in Alaska, on unsurveyed land, must stake his claim and in his notice describe it by metes and bounds, with reference to government monuments, trees, rivers and other permanent landmarks. This location notice is filed with the recorder of the district. Before making entry the homesteader must go or apply to the Surveyor-general, whose office is in Juneau, for a survey. If there is no contest or protest, the Surveyor-general appoints a deputy to make a survey of the homestead claim. This survey is made at the expense of the homesteader. After the survey is completed it must be approved by the Surveyor-general and then taken by the entryman to the land office of the district in which his claim is located. Notice and a plat of the claim are posted on the land and printed in the local newspapers. If there is no contest against final proof on a homestead claim, the Register and Receiver of the local land office pass on the proof and issue a final certificate. If there is a protest, the proofs are sent to Washington and a field investigation is ordered.

The field division headquarters of the General Land Office for Alaska are at Portland, Oregon. Four special agents of the Land Office Field Service are kept in Alaska, and additional agents are sent into the territory as they are needed. Orders for field investigations of land claims are sent from Washington to Portland and forwarded from there to the agent in the field in Alaska. If the papers are received early enough in the season and the special agent who receives them has not too much other work, the field investigation may be made the same year it is ordered.

If there is no protest against a final proof or after a field investigation has been made of such proofs, the claim and proofs are sent to the Land Office in Washington, to the Geological Survey, for such data as that Bureau may have concerning the nature of the lands involved in the claim. The Geological Survey notes upon the application whether the land in question is listed as mineral or non-mineral and whether it is shown by the geological records to contain coal, petroleum, mineral or thermal springs or reservoir or power sites, etc. Following the receipt of this information the Land Office in due time may grant a patent for the land.

It will be seen that in the event of any question arising over an entry which prevents the local Register and Receiver from issuing a final certificate, the papers in a homestead case after final proof is offered must make at least two round trips between Washington and Alaska before patent can issue. If there is a contest or any complication arises out of the claims, this long-distance correspondence may be almost indefinitely extended.

Two cases, taken at random from the files of the General Land Office, are typical of the red tape which at present hampers the progress of Alaska.

Walter H. Marrett built a house and established residence on a homestead claim near Haines, Alaska, in April, 1902: His claim was on an unsurveyed and unreserved portion of public land. In 1908 an official survey was made and recorded. in March, 1909, Marrett filed at the Land Office at Juneau an application to enter the lands embraced in the survey. In December, 1909, Marrett went to the Land Office at Juneau and completed his final proofs. The papers were then sent to Washington, but there is no record of any action being taken during the following year. In December, 1910, the Commissioner of the Land Office referred the claim to the Geological Survey, asking information as to whether any coal or petroleum deposits were embraced in the entry. Patent was finally issued on May 25, 1911, three years after the survey had been made, and nine years after residence had been established.

Mrs. Mary A. Dabney, of Seattle, Washington, had a somewhat similar experience. Her claim was located on September 24, 1906; a survey was made in September, 1908, and approved by the Surveyor-general in January, 1909. Application for patent was made in March, 1909. There was

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no protest and no conflicting claim. The papers were sent to Washington in August, 1910, and nothing further was heard of the case for nearly two years. The entry was finally patented in October, 1913.

There is also much confusion and division and duplication of authority and responsibility in the protection of the fauna of Alaska. For example, an agent of the Bureau of Education recently discovered evidence of wholesale slaughter of walruses, and reported it as menacing the food supply of the natives and their dogs. He had no authority in the matter, and his report, sent to Washington, was forwarded to the Department of Agriculture, where it was discovered that the killing was illegal but there was no machinery available for effectively preventing such slaughter.

While this patchwork system of administrative machinery has answered well enough while the government's policy has been merely to keep the door shut and discourage development, it will not answer under the new policy. To secure effectiveness we must eliminate all unnecessary delays, together with the red tape and the confusing and confused machinery now in use, and substitute machinery that will be direct, prompt and certain in its action.

To this end we should have a single Development Board, appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate. The salaries should be sufficient to enable men of ability to devote themselves exclusively to the work of the board, which should have its headquarters in Alaska. The board should make its reports and be directly responsible to a single Cabinet officer, the Secretary of the Interior, whose department is most closely identified with Alaskan affairs and probably best equipped by experience and organization to handle such matters.

The board should do the work now done in Alaska by the General Land Office, the Forest Service, the Road Commission, the Bureau of Mines, the Bureau of Education and the Secretary of the Interior. It should also take over part of the work and authority of the Bureau of Fisheries. It should have charge of the protection and control of game, fur-bearing animals, public lands, mineral deposits, coal, oil, gas, hot springs, timber lands and timber, together with the work of education among the natives and the supervision of the reindeer industry. It should control the work of the Surveyor-general's office. It should have authority to succeed the Department of Agriculture in supervision of the agricultural experiment stations in the territory or to supplement these stations with demonstration farms for the benefit of the homesteaders.

FRANKLIN K. LANE,
Secretary of the Interior.

# Roman Eagles on the Wing

ITALY is a peace-loving state. The Italians are a practical people, shrewd enough to detect the trickery of those who clothe their greedy private designs in the national glory. So said the pacifists of other countries when it was reported in 1911 that Italy was preparing for a descent upon the one remaining fragment of Turkish dominion in north Africa. The most energetic press campaign failed to give an appearance of reality to Italy's alleged grievances against Turkey. It was impossible to make the sands of Tripolitana and Cyrenaica appear a brilliant prey, or to make campaigning against a semi-barbarous foe seem glorious. Twenty years earlier the Abyssinian enterprise had ended in inglorious failure, chiefly because the Italian masses refused to respond to the vulgar imperialistic aspirations then in vogue throughout Europe. Furthermore, by 1911 anti-militarism and anti-imperialism had found organized support in the then powerful Socialist party.

And yet the Tripolitan War proved to be popular, except in the industrial north, deprived of its Turkish market. The general strike promised by the Socialists failed to take place; indeed, the Socialistic masses showed themselves not less enthusiastic than the bourgeoisie in their support of the government. The militarists had discovered a potent formula: "The Roman eagles are again on the wing." Tripoli might be as barren as the pacifists asserted, but would the flight of the eagles end with Tripoli? What if this were a first step toward the hegemony of the Mediterranean, the reconstitution of the Roman Empire?

A grandiose dream, which no Italian statesman openly avowed. At the time of the Tripolitan War the prospects of Italy seemed modest indeed. The best of northwest Africa was in French possession, Egypt, in British; an equity in Syria and Anatolia had been acquired by the Teutonic powers; Russia was reaching toward the Dardanelles. How solid these interests were was made clear by the action of the powers in holding Italy back from an attack upon the European and Asiatic coasts of Turkey. But time is on the side of Italy. The position of other powers in the Mediterranean is precarious, dependent on understandings and alliances. Italy's position is defended by her own superabundant vitality. She alone can provide men to garrison and develop the neglected lands of the Mediterranean littoral. Her population is more dense than that of any other European state not primarily dependent on commerce and industry, and it grows steadily denser, despite the annual half million of emigrants shipped across the Atlantic.

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It is a population with a firm grip on life, inured to poverty, resistant to disease. Leadership and enterprise it has in superabundance. Foreigners, dominated by the tradition of Italian weakness in past centuries of division and misrule, may scorn the ambitions of Italy. But the Italian is conscious of the dynamic quality of his united people.

The Tripolitan War gave Italy a foothold in Africa and in the Aegean Islands. The present war will give more, unless all signs fail. The Mediterranean coast of Asia Minor, it is understood, has been assigned to Italy as part of the anticipated spoils; how much of the hinterland and of Syria besides only the development of events can tell, but perhaps enough to control the road to Mesopotamia. If the war ends according to Italian expectations, the whole eastern shore of the Adriatic will be Italian, and the Teutonic allies will be excluded completely from rivalry for Mediterranean power. With this Italy can rest content for a time. In the course of the next century, however, changes are sure to take place in the organization of the British Empire. Egypt may become an embarrassment to Britain; to whom then should it fall, if not to Italy? France has no surplus population for her vast north African territories, to transform occupation into permanent possession. Let the tide of Italian emigration turn to north Africa, and a few generations will make of Tunis and Algeria and Morocco a vast Italia Irredenta. The Mediterranean an Italian lake is a dream worth dreaming—and not altogether a dream.

Insular and continental empires are intelligible to us, but an empire with a sea at its heart, with the powers of the hinterland bearing down upon its thin coastal dominions, seems essentially unstable. Perhaps we underestimate the unifying force of swift and certain water communication, the strategic advantages of an empire which could throw its entire resources against any point threatened by invasion. A dominant navy in the Mediterranean could easily exclude all the navies of the world; and with the sea under control, how could a Mediterranean empire be subjugated?

Grant to Italy this great idea, and her present course of policy at once appears rational. It was not worth while to offer up hundreds of thousands of lives and hundreds of millions of treasure, merely to redeem the million and a half of Italian-speaking people in the Hapsburg dominions. It was not worth while in itself to attempt to exclude Austria-Hungary from the Adriatic. Trieste is of great commercial value to the Dual Monarchy, and of practically no commercial value to Italy. The naval bases of the Dual Monarchy were indeed near the Italian coast; but they were not a menace to Italy so long as she confined her ambitions to her own peninsula. If the exclusion of Austria from the Adriatic simplifies the Italian naval problem, it complicates the Italian military problem in at least equal measure. The complete dominance of the Adriatic has only a sentimental value, except as an element in a larger design.

Again, granting the great idea, it is understandable why Italy postponed her entry into the war until Russia had been driven back from the Carpathians. The chances of crushing Austria-Hungary were better before the Russian defeat; but the crushing of Austria-Hungary is only a part of the Italian design. Another part, to secure the greatest possible concessions from Russia in Asia Minor and in Dalmatia, would not have profited from a too easy victory for Russia. Nor would it have profited from the prompt collapse of the Turkish power at the Dardanelles. Italy's immediate interest in the crushing of the central powers is in harmony with that of Russia and France and England. But her ultimate interest, which alone justifies her participation in the present struggle, cannot be attained without conflict with the interests of her allies. If the war leaves them weakened though victorious, it will be all to Italy's gain.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### Ingenious Explanation of Mr. Bryan

SIR: May I suggest that the stage management of Mr. Bryan's resignation could hardly have been better?

If one will recall the kind of politics that Mr. Bryan has played in the past, the undoubted spirit of self-sacrifice, for instance, that inspired the nomination of Mr. Wilson in the Democratic convention of 1911, the idea suggests itself that Mr. Bryan has purposely played the "goat" in order to further the administration's purpose of securing a peaceful relaxation of the tension that prevails between the United States and Germany. The sinking of the Lusitania was undoubtedly the severest crisis faced by this government since the outbreak of the war. The general feeling of resentment against the Imperial government might easily have led us into unpleasant relations with that country, and even now few of us can realize the terrible pressure of hostility to Germany that must have borne upon the President.

As a consequence, President Wilson had a double problem upon his hands. He was constrained to satisfy the spirit of resentment that had come to a head in America by some expression of this country's anger. On the other hand, dedicated as he has been to peace, he endeavored to frame that expression in such terms that immediate war need not be a consequence. This was an unusually difficult thing to do, considering the threatening murmurings from the "mob." Let us consider how cleverly it was accomplished.

As soon as word of the catastrophe reached him, President Wilson issued a statement upholding in every particular the honor and dignity of the United States, such

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as to satisfy for the time being the most eager jingoes. The promise of a sharp note to Germany was given immediately, and the press was kept full of assurances as to the unequivocal terms in which America's position would be defined. It may be noted in passing that the despatch of the note was long delayed upon various pretexts. The Kaiser's ambassador made a hurried trip to the White House, and immediately sent a messenger to Berlin. As a result word was passed on all sides: "Uphold the President's hands!" And if any were still unsatisfied as to the President's policy, Mr. Bryan capped the climax by resigning from the Cabinet, and being asked why, said: "Wait till you see the note, then you will know!" It sent a war-scare over the country, and it landed even Mr. Roosevelt, who stated for the first time that in this he was behind the President.

The note was a decided anti-climax. It was drawn up in such polite terms that people wondered what there was in it that even the fastidious Mr. Bryan could object to. Indeed, the point is that it needed Mr. Bryan's extreme attitude against the note to make it acceptable to the excited nation, and there is no doubt that without this exceedingly clever coup the country would have been highly disappointed in its compromising tone.

But by contrast to Mr. Bryan's idealistic attitude, the sufficiently ideal policy of Mr. Wilson was deemed practical enough to satisfy the injured feelings of those who felt America's dignity impeached. Furthermore, that week of muffled threats from the White House really gave an enormous impetus to the peace sentiment of the country, owing to the dread of so imminent war, a sentiment which might now crystallize around Mr. Bryan.

The effect of this coup upon Germany has been no less satisfactory. The uncompromising tone of the statements given out at the White House have had the effect of bringing Germany to a realization of the temper of the American people. The emissary to the Kaiser will no doubt enlarge upon this theme. In the meanwhile Mr. Wilson delayed his note long enough to let the fact of American exasperation sink home. Now that the President's note has been delivered, its even tone will not deceive the Germans into incorrect interpretations of America's attitude. Because American opinion has been so effectively conveyed to the Kaiser's government through unofficial channels, the note is satisfactory though couched in honied phrases. Germany knows how we feel without our having to tell her. And that leaves the loophole through which her diplomats can retire gracefully enough.

Mr. Bryan has killed two birds with one stone, for all the world feels mightily relieved that he is out of office. He deserves a deal more credit than a hasty judgment at first awards him.

EGMONT H. ARENS.

New York City.

## American Lives vs. German

SIR: You refer to the difference of opinion between the German people and the American people as regards the Lusitania disaster. While I acknowledge the reasonableness of your statement, I wish you had asked your readers to take into consideration one or two other important points. There may be some doubt as to whether or not the Lusitania was an auxiliary cruiser. There is no question, however, as to her carrying 5,400 cases of ammunition. This ammunition would have meant perhaps 10,000 German soldiers killed, and four times as many widows and orphans, if the Lusitania had reached her port. The German people think of the 10,000 lives saved by the sinking of an ammunition ship, the American people think of the 115 innocent victims on board a passenger ship. The German people, I am sure, sincerely mourn with the American people over the horrible sacrifice of innocent lives. But the German people would like to have the sympathy of the American people applied to their own untold victims of American bullets and shells!

Here is the great and real issue. Have we a right to talk about the principle of humanity as long as we furnish the weapons for the slaughter of hundreds of thousands of human lives? No matter where our sympathies are, we, the American people, composed of a dozen different races and nationalities, should have refrained from supporting any of the warring parties in Europe. For does not every American shell that kills Europeans, kill a son, a brother, a cousin, a nephew, of one in our own midst? Does not our exportation of war material mean almost suicide, inasmuch as we still want to draw upon overcrowded Europe for useful American citizens? And has the German people that gave America the Steubens, Schurz's, and the 200,000 volunteers in our Civil War, no claim upon the special consideration of the American people? They did not fight for material reward, they fought for the ideals which they saw symbolized in the American flag. Now they do get a reward which they never expected: their closest friends and relatives are being killed and mutilated by weapons "made-in-America."

O. E. LESSING.

Urbana, Ill.

## What is Piracy?

SIR: In view of the continued indiscriminate use of the terms pirate and murderer in connection with the sinking of the Lusitania the following from an article by an English authority on international law, W. R. Willson, writing in a recent issue of the *Saturday Review,* will be of interest. "The term 'piracy' is used in two different senses. One . . . implies indiscriminate plundering for the pirate's own benefit, or preying on society in general; the other, its International Law sense, in which it is used by Professor Holland, includes depredations committed at sea upon the public or private vessels of a state, or descents upon its territory from the sea by persons not commissioned under the authority of any politically organized society, although the object of such persons may be professedly political."

Whichever definition one may elect to adopt, the Germans, tried by either, will certainly not be "pirates." Still less are they "murderers," unless that term is used in its loosest sense as meaning a cruel or inhuman person. Murder, again to quote Professor Holland, is "such slaying as is forbidden by the national law of the country which takes cognizance of it. It is a term of English municipal law, and the essence of such law is that *prima facie,* at least, it is territorial in its action."

On the question of the German attacks on mercantile marine, the author continues as follows: "In the first place, what is it that the Germans have done? Put shortly, it is this. They have sought and are seeking to destroy our mercantile marine, and to that end are employing submarines whose methods consist in sinking the ship without . . . making adequate provision for the safety of her occupants, and even in some cases without making any such provision at all. These are the facts. What is the rule of law? Again, broadly speaking, the rule is that enemy

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merchant ships, although liable to capture, are not to be sunk, but taken into port and adjudicated upon by a properly constituted Prize Court. But although such is the law stated in its widest and most benevolent terms, yet there are many recognized exceptions as to which no unanimity exists in theory or practice. Some writers—e.g., Bluntschli—consider the destruction of a prize allowable only in case of imperative necessity, others allow it in nearly every case of convenience, so much so that the rule seems abrogated. Thus on the outbreak of the war of 1812 between Great Britain and the United States of America, the American government instructed the officers in command of squadrons 'To destroy all you capture unless in some extraordinary cases that shall clearly warrant an exception. . . . The commerce of the enemy is the most vulnerable point of the enemy we can attack, and its destruction the main object. And to this end all your efforts should be directed.' "

Finally, on the incidental destruction of non-combatants: "A non-combatant is not to be interfered with unless directly or indirectly he assists in acts of belligerency; but it would appear equally clear that a belligerent is not bound to suspend or even divert his military operations out of tenderness to non-combatants, if they wittingly put themselves in his way."

Bryn Mawr, Pa. E. C. WILM.

## With Hatred For None

WE have been pitying the mourning mothers of Europe, the homes where the bread-winner has been lost, the destitute who have been driven far from their homesteads by invading hosts, but perhaps in our attempt to imagine the condition of these countries we have failed to realize one terrible result—the embittering hatred which pervades the thought of nearly all. Within the past few days some of us have been shocked at the sudden birth of this spirit of hate and devouring passion in our own hearts.

In private quarrels Christians have long repeated gently to one another, "We must hate the sin, but love the sinner." There is no reason why this ideal, true in individual relationships, should not be also possible in our attitude toward a people or a nation. To feel righteous indignation toward those who perpetrate evil—even to fight to prevent such evils—is not inconsistent with a sincere desire for the final welfare of everyone, the evildoer included. The noblest warfare, indeed, can only be carried on in this spirit.

The American people are at the present writing somewhat in the position of a judge. Ought our ideal judge to be overheated by any personal animosity when about to make a decision?

Let us strive as individuals not for mere neutrality or indifference—these are becoming almost impossible—but for the higher moral viewpoint. There should be no cant about it, no assuming for ourselves or our own people a special Divine alliance or favoritism.

There is terrible need of the self-controlled, unselfish, but unabashed judgment of a sane Christian nation in this present crisis. Upon the final good of all and the triumph of right without hatred for any, even those with whom we differ, we must base our decisions. Then we may wait in patience if necessary without any shame or feeling of abasement; or we may fight, if fight we must, with honor in our hearts, unhampered by blinding fury.

GRACE T. DAVIS.

Chicago, Ill.

## The Unwisdom of Violence

SIR: I have just been reading the editorial paragraph in your issue for May twenty-second, wherein you call attention to the fact that in the case of the internment of German residents in England and in the case of Italy's declaration of war against Austria, "the violence of mobs has forced the government to do something which other expressions of public opinion have failed to bring about." What is the moral, you ask. "The moral is of course that violence is always and from every point of view a mistake. Any other inference would be immoral."

This is clever, undoubtedly. But what are we to think of the instances which you cite to prove your point? The internment of Germans in England—what is this but just the kind of inconsequential thing which we might expect to be demanded by a mob guilty of the crime of pillaging the property and threatening the lives of persons no more responsible for the Lusitania outrage than you or I? And as for Italy, you yourself, in the same issue of your paper, characterize her entrance into the war as the deliberate preference of "a prospectively profitable war to a more honorable but less remunerative peace." Surely if the friends of the Allies ever had cause to weep, it is to-day when the land of Mazzini matches stakes with Germany for the rewards of militaristic aggression.

Your point, after all, is ill taken. In both the cases cited, as indeed in all cases, the way of violence is its own best demonstration of unwisdom and immorality.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

New York City.

## Allies Fight for Democracy

SIR: In your issue of May twenty-second you publish a letter from Rockwell Kent. I read this with pleasure, as Mr. Kent is an old friend with whom I had lost touch. While I value his opinions on many subjects, I cannot agree with those he expresses in this letter.

Mr. Kent apparently believes it is mere hypocrisy for the British to claim they are the "champions of freedom." He gives no reason for this belief, and to my mind none exists. The British government is essentially democratic; in some respects it is more a government of the people than our own. The essence of democracy is individual liberty, and no people are keener to resent an infringement of their liberty than the British. As to their virtue, heroism and loyalty being "trash that seems to be part of the pretension of empire," I would remind Mr. Kent that we are all prone to believe that our own people possess these qualities to an unusual degree, especially when a great national crisis like war makes us forget minor differences. We become conscious of hypocrisy only when other nations put forth a similar claim.

I am pro-Ally not because I admire the average Britisher, Frenchman or Russian more than the average German or Austrian, but because I believe that democracy is the hope of the world. Its development means a wider and more sincere recognition of the brotherhood of man. War is the most terrible scourge of humanity, the most discouraging and sickening fact of our civilization, the most powerful and malignant force opposed to a truer recognition of the brotherhood of man; and Germany has made war her god.

I appreciate the admirable qualities of the Germans. Their contributions to science, art, literature and economics have conferred immense and lasting benefits on humanity.

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I do not doubt that army discipline has helped to make them efficient workers in the arts of peace, for it has developed system, obedience and thoroughness, but these qualities could have been developed without poisoning the people's minds with the barbarous ideas inseparable from extreme militarism.

It is a significant fact that wherever the British have planted their flag and maintained it, there has sprung up a government founded on justice. For centuries they have sowed the seeds of democracy from which alone can spring a finer sense of justice and truer freedom. It was the spirit of liberty inherited from British ancestors that made the patriots of 1776 take up arms against a King who was more German than British. To-day men of widely differing races and creeds, from all parts of the British Empire, are helping fight her battles, not as unwilling subjects but voluntarily and with enthusiasm. Could this be if the British governed on the principle that "might makes right," as Mr. Kent asserts?

One of the tenets of democracy is the recognition of the rights of the weak. Whatever sins of aggression the British may have committed in the past, and no nation is guiltless, they are to-day making appalling sacrifices to fulfill their obligations to a weaker people; obligations equally binding on the Germans—which they ruthlessly violated. To our shame be it said that against this violation we raised no protest.

Mr. Kent writes of "the marriage of the Monroe Doctrine to British sea power. The moral bond is capped by the dollar." It is true that without British acquiescence in this doctrine we could have maintained it only at the cost of war, perhaps not then. That it has not been violated by the nation which had most to gain and least to fear by such violation, is a fact which Mr. Kent seems to have overlooked.

Is it not self-evident that the triumph of Germany must mean the strengthening of her ideas of war, and that so long as these ideas predominate in any nation, so long must other nations be prepared to defend their rights by war? Is it not true that, freed from such materialistic barbarisms under a more democratic government, the qualities which have made Germany great must develop in a way that will ensure her a far nobler future than ever could be won by force of arms? I believe that the triumph of the Allies will stimulate the growth of democracy, even in Russia and Japan, as much as the triumph of Germany would retard it. Behind all wars are economic causes, jealousies, and selfish motives, and this war is no exception; but in its ultimate analysis it is a struggle between democracy and the tyranny of militarism.

FRED J. HALL.

*Tarrytown, N.Y.*

## How Shall Judges be Chosen?

SIR: The admirable article in your issue of May twenty-second on Organization of the Courts by Messrs. Scott, Frankfurter and Pound is a very valuable contribution to thinking on a most important theme.

The program offered seems to the layman potentially efficient and workable. One omission from the article is conspicuous, however, and we are somewhat astonished that our "Short Ballot" friends have not already made a noise about it. I refer to the absence of any reference to a method of choosing the judges. Not only is the present mixed procedure of election in some jurisdictions and appointment in others not mentioned or criticised, but no recommendations as to this important point are made in the otherwise admirable plan that is set forth. Without arguing pro or con as to whether electing judges or appointing them is more desirable, I submit that such authorities as our learned friends should offer us their views on this question, and any thesis, however short, that leaves this fundamental problem of personnel unsolved is lacking in a most important particular.

You will be glad to know that the Municipal Court of Philadelphia not only has branches for the care of domestic relations, juveniles, civil and criminal cases, but is also working on a plan to provide an accurate and complete system of statistical records. The Bureau of Municipal Research has the honor to be cooperating with the judges of the Municipal Court in working out the plans for the statistical records.

FREDERICK P. GRUENBERG.

Bureau of Municipal Research,
Philadelphia, Pa.

## Labor Troubles in Illinois

SIR: Your editorial in the issue of June fifth regarding the defeat of the women's nine-hour bill and the child-labor bill in the Illinois Legislature is very gratifying to the citizens of Illinois, largely in the minority, who hoped to see those bills enacted into laws.

The ruling social consciousness in Illinois is more than pragmatical, it is subservient to what at one time seems to be the Illinois Manufacturers' Association or some like organization, at other times the cry for a government of law and order or a government of freedom—by which is meant a government in which the employer is permitted under the law to do as he pleases with his own business, including the people that are working for him. If laborers must of necessity work, but feel that they would like to have their conditions improved or their wages increased, they may make the request and go home. They dare not do anything or say anything in pursuance of their desires without being guilty of a conspiracy: such is our law.

Perhaps I can give you a more comprehensive idea of what the malignant forces in the state are. About a year ago, the Waitresses' Union in this city, having failed during 1913 to get adequate legislative protection from the Legislature, inaugurated a campaign for a ten-hour day and a six-day week. Of course the employers resisted this campaign and strikes resulted, whereupon the employers were immediately backed by an association of hotel keepers, and later by the Illinois Manufacturers' Association. In a case that finally came on for trial as to whether the girls might carry banners and walk up and down in front of the restaurants as a means of securing a contract fixing their hours and wages, Judges Windes, McGoorty and Baldwin enjoined them from picketing one of these restaurants, but permitted them to circulate handbills in other parts of the city and boycott the restaurant in question. The opinion was written by Judge McGoorty; afterwards, Judge Windes in a definitive decision respecting other restaurants held that the waitresses could picket.

Later, one of the attorneys of the Illinois Manufacturers' Association, the same attorney who during 1915 was at Springfield while the nine-hour bill was before the Legislature, got Judge Baldwin to enjoin the waitresses from picketing, boycotting, and in fact from doing anything which would help their economic struggle. Judge Baldwin's reversal was complete, and resulted in crushing the waitresses' strike. This judicial action was almost contemporaneous with the failure of the nine-hour bills in the Legislature, to which your editorial refers. In other

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words, we have a government in Illinois whose legislative branch refuses to enact these necessary measures and whose judicial branch strikes down the same program.

To demonstrate our "unusual complacence," let me call your attention to the fact that on June seventh we had an election in Cook County for Circuit Court judges. The labor union membership in the county is 250,000 males and voters; yet in this election Judge Baldwin, the enemy of union labor and its programs, was elected by 101,584 votes, while Judge Windes, the friend of union labor, was elected by 94,156 votes and Judge McGoorty, a man of good intentions toward union labor, was elected by 92,444 votes. And Judge Holdom, who became notable ten years ago for his drastic injunctions against labor and was defeated in 1910, was elected by about 87,000 votes.

EDGAR L. MASTERS.

Chicago, Ill.

## The Fault of the Protocol

SIR: Your recent editorial on the passing of the garment trade protocol seems to agree with the opinions of those best fitted to judge as to the true causes of the breakdown. It is a calamity that this arbitration treaty should be set aside.

Is this not a suitable time for both employers and the employees to recognize that it was not the protocol itself but certain obviable conditions of the industry, which resulted in the termination of the protocol? Is it not the proper time for some constructive plan by which the benefits of the protocol can be retained and permanent peace made possible?

So far as I can learn from men who have given their attention to the workings of the protocol, the main trouble has been in the method by which the compensation of the individual garment worker has been fixed. Here are sixty thousand men employed in two thousand shops. For many of these employees there is no fixed rate of wages. A large part of the work is by the piece, with no standard prices for the trade or any substantial part of it. As to this vitally essential thing—the working price—we have not one union, but two thousand. In almost every one of these two thousand shops there has been haggling between employer and employees over piece prices. The representative in the shop of the employees whose duty it is to fix with the employer the piece price for the shop, if he gets a good price for his fellow workers is likely to be considered by the employer a trouble maker who ought to be got rid of.

The unlimited right to discharge which the employers demanded and which is the rock on which the protocol split, obviously had as its basis a desire for a free hand in getting rid of these representatives. Employers could always find excuses for discharging such a man if there were no board of grievances which would pass upon their action.

The main root of the trouble is, therefore, the price system. It imposes upon the shop representative of the employees a task which he cannot perform with satisfaction to both sides. Yet to give the employer an unlimited power of discharge is no solution.

It seems to me that the main thing which needs attention is the development of some system of standardization of prices, and, if possible, the placing of a greater part of the work on a week-work basis. If that can be done, the other features of the protocol arrangement could be readopted with very little modification. Five years of experience should not be wasted; a system which has kept the peace and has generally resulted in benefits to both employer and employee should not be thrown upon the junk heap when no other system has even been suggested.

GEORGE W. ALGER.

New York City.

## Mr. Pinchot's Mistake

SIR: Mr. Pinchot's letter, while no doubt severe in some parts of its criticism of THE NEW REPUBLIC, will strike a sympathetic chord in the minds of many of your readers. It is at least refreshing to see a man of Mr. Pinchot's radical tendencies accuse so progressive a journal of being too conservative. He is not alone, however, in wishing that you might take a more pronounced attitude toward the fundamental evils of society. Was it not Emerson who said that sooner or later every man—and he might have added every journal—must take itself for better or for worse?

In his reference to socialism, Mr. Pinchot has not expressed himself so happily. His analysis of the attitude of the ruling class toward socialism is at least naïve. Surface conditions certainly do not warrant the assertion that plutocracy fears immediate reform more than the ultimate triumph of socialism. Capitalism knows only too well how to divert or pervert the mild radicalism that occasionally appears in the old parties. The Civic Federation patronizes eminent labor leaders and grows almost maudlin over conservative trades-unionism, as socialism and syndicalism loom larger on the horizon. Liebknecht once said of socialism that the praise of its enemies would be a sign of failure, and as yet no such indication is observable. Closer investigation might convince your critic that Wall Street has undergone no change of heart since it imported Mr. Mallock to misquote Marx. It is, on the contrary, suspected of being the financial inspiration of that lay organization which feels itself impelled to save us from the "menace" of socialism.

C. A. MOSELEY.

Clinton, La.

## We Are Inconsistent?

SIR: The general tone of your articles gives the impression that you endeavor to follow some certain policy with regard to the issues discussed in your columns. If this is the case, it seems proper to inquire just where the consistency lies with respect to Mr. Cuthbert Wright's "New Witnesses" in the number of May first and your reply to Mr. Amos Pinchot's criticism in that of May twenty-ninth.

Mr. Wright undertakes rather fervidly to deride a "celebrated Englishman" for being so "priest-ridden" and generally moth-eaten in his thought as to distrust the extension of state activity in Europe. And yet, in coming to the defence of your own editorial policy, you set out considerately to explain to Mr. Pinchot that "the more alert radical thought of Europe and America is profoundly distrustful of this vast extension of government, unless accompanied by an equally vast increase of democratic control.

I am no more enthusiastic than Mr. Wright for the hope of his "New Witnesses" to cure this century of its ills by shoving it backward six hundred years. Nevertheless I must confess that I hold with them in their apprehension at the avidity with which the British are cramming insurance-acts down the throats of their workingmen.

NILES CARPENTER.

Evanston, Ill.

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# Books and Things

"IF any historian is interested enough to examine the record he will find that no former Secretary has been at his desk a greater number of hours each day or a greater number of days in the year, and I am sure none of my predecessors has had to deal with more problems of the first magnitude." Ever since Mr. Bryan said this I've been waiting and watching for Mr. Root to defend himself by publishing his time-card. In vain. Mr. Root makes no sign. He probably knows, in his guilty heart, that Secretary Root spent fewer hours at his desk per diem, and fewer days at his desk per annum, than Secretary Bryan. Or else Mr. Root has somehow persuaded himself that it matters less how many hours you spend at your desk than what you do with them while you are there. Well, it is a point of view.

Mr. Bryan calls his own service as Secretary of State "a long and severe strain." No doubt, no doubt. But he doesn't seem to have noticed the peculiarity of his Long and Severe Strain, so unlike the ordinary Strains to which ordinary Secretaries of State are subjected. "I am sure," he says, "that none of my predecessors has had to deal with more problems of the first magnitude." What does Mr. Bryan mean by "deal with," I wonder? Wasn't the routine of Strain at the State Department something like this: A Problem of the First Magnitude, having got up early and dressed with care, went and sat in the departmental waiting-room until Mr. Bryan's arrival. Introductions. Greetings. Before Mr. Bryan had had time to do more than look his caller over, and say "I don't seem to place you," the telephone would ring and Mr. Tumulty's voice would ask the Problem of the First Magnitude to step this way to the White House, please. Some Strain that, believe me. Just imagine how it must have felt to sit at your desk for more hours a day, more days a month, more months a year, than any predecessor or predecessor's predecessor, while Problems of the First Magnitude, saying they were sorry they couldn't stay, hurried off to be dealt with by Somebody Higher Up.

While Mr. Bryan was Secretary I used to read a good many eulogies of him. To the best of my recollection about five out of every seven eulogists painted the same clear picture of Mr. Bryan at his desk. They enabled me to understand how he put in his time when he wasn't being introduced to some Problem of the First Magnitude. He appeared to be a man who devoted all those hours of all those days chiefly to the task of self-effacement. In about five out of every seven eulogies the words "loyalty" and "self-effacement" did nearly all the heavy leit-motiving. Two years and three months of self-effacement = Long and Severe Strain. This proposition is true even when the self-effacer can get a little time off, now and then, so as to pick a diplomat for a European post or to influence Congress for the country's good. The proposition is true even if the President, by taking some of the work of effacing Mr. Bryan off Mr. Bryan's shoulders, did his loyal helpful best to share the strain.

As for another subdivision of Strain, the Strain on Mr. Bryan's Conscience, it appears to have been severest between May thirteenth and June ninth. On May thirteenth Conscience and Mr. Bryan were perusing that American note to Germany which concluded with this paragraph: "The Imperial German Government will not expect the Government of the United States to omit any word or any act necessary to the performance of its sacred duty of maintaining the rights of the United States and its citizens and of safeguarding their free exercise and enjoyment." Conscience, putting a filled pen in Mr. Bryan's hand, said "Sign here." And Mr. Bryan signed. On June ninth Conscience dictated these words to Mr. Bryan: "The question is not whether an American citizen has a right under international law, to travel on a belligerent ship; the question is whether he ought not, out of consideration for his country, if not for his own safety, to avoid danger when avoidance is possible." Mix the two statements and serve: It is the sacred duty of the United States Government to maintain rights which its citizens ought not to exercise. Mr. Bryan's Conscience approves this mixture and tells him he hasn't been inconsistent.

However, all this talk about consistency and inconsistency is irrelevant and superficial. In a very deep sense Mr. Bryan has been absolutely consistent. The choice before him, although it looked on the surface like a choice between staying in the Cabinet and getting out, was in profoundest reality a choice between silence and speech. "Silence," you exclaim. "What do you mean silence? Even while Mr. Bryan was Secretary didn't he manage to do a good deal of talking? I rather think I have you there." No, you haven't me there. Silence is a relative term. As the absolute silence invented at Soligny-la-Trappe is to his speech while Secretary, so is his speech while Secretary to the torrent he is now pouring forth. As the volume of bubbles coming to the surface when the whale is submerged is to the volume of water spouted skyward by the risen whale, so in volume is what Secretary Bryan said to what ex-Secretary Bryan will never stop saying. To tell crowds all about the faith that is in him is one of his nature's deepest cravings. He craves utterance as other men crave sleep or tobacco or drink. Mr. Bryan has to his own self been true. The choice before him was between speech and silence. Speech is silver. Silence is golden. Mr. Bryan has always preferred silver to gold.

To go back for a moment to Conscience. I'm not so certain, after all, about the Severity of that Strain. His Conscience may have had aid and comfort from his Subconscious. "Away," said his Subconscious, "from those pestilential Washington correspondents. Far away from those questions with which they search out a Secretary's most private, intimate and sacred ignorance. Never again to see the faces of Problems of the First Magnitude for a moment and their backs for weeks and weeks. Relief from the daily drudgery of self-effacement. Away to the places where crowds gather. Let not speech be denied to ears athirst for speech." Yes, here, as in the case of most conscientious men, the Subconscious was Conscience's Little Helper. Or else, if you regard them as more nearly equipollent, think of them as twin tugs towing Mr. Bryan into the haven where he would be.

For the place where he has touched the shore is to him a haven. His life is happy though private. Better a dinner of herbs, where after-dinner speeches are, than a Cabinet meeting and silence thereafter. "A man in private life," he says, "must be willing to bear any deserved punishment, from ostracism to execution. But hear me before you pass sentence." Agreed. But how often are we to hear you, Mr. Bryan, before we accept your invitation to pass sentence? How long must we wait before deciding to write or not to write your name on the oyster shell?

P. L.

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# Sentimental Anarchy

*The Second Blooming, by W. L. George. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.35 net.*

MR. W. L. GEORGE remains gaily, unsuspiciously convinced, it would seem from "The Second Blooming," that adventure, experience, various and vivid, is what best sees one through. He has always an impression of human power, of the healthy push of life, and he rather deprecates what used to be feared as "suffering." "It's all intellect, even what you feel . . . Art, politics, religion, patriotism, social reform and love, it's all made of the same stuff, and you turn it into one form or into another, just as you like." Torpor is all one need dread.

His story is of three sisters who have married early and well, Clara a baronet who is in Parliament, Grace a rising barrister, and Mary a prosperous business man. The conditions of their lives are very easy and comfortable. Their husbands ask them only to be pleasantly idle. Their children have very professional nurses. They have not great positions in society to maintain—they are just nice people of nice tastes and no very clear responsibilities. They have not even the occupation of economizing. Yet they are strong and of good stock. In their early thirties, therefore, when they have been married six or seven years, they all become aware of feeling restless and uneasy. It is the real and continuous misery caused by vitality unused that makes each sister seek a way to be so comfortably and idly married and yet happy.

Oddly enough (one is still apt to be astonished by how careless book notices dare be) the novel is advertised as showing three ways and leaving the choice to the reader. Surely the young writer has chosen already—Grace's way, a lover and no harm done! Surely he has shown prejudice against Clara's way, political activity, and even against Mary's, a baby each year! He has been unfair.

But Grace's way he has rendered with much beauty and without the traditional presuppositions. A novelist of the older schools would probably have labelled Fenor, the romantically adventurous civil engineer who becomes Grace's lover, cruel and heartless, when, the ardor and completeness of his love being at an end and Grace too much spoiled for him by interludes of irritability and doubt, he makes a rupture between them unavoidable and final. But Mr. George delightfully nearly praises him, for her lover has taught Grace to pay the costs of love ungrudgingly—secret costs to her heart, since by his adroitness she pays nothing to society. She can reflect gratefully—after an interval of "six months" which Mr. George, perhaps lazily, perhaps helplessly, slurs over—that "she had loved and she had piled up memories which would inflame her life, irradiate the future . . . She too had been in Arcadia."

"If men have beaten us it's because they were finer. They could do things better and they could stand them better; what we've got to do is to do them and to stand them as well, and then women will be big serene people too, and they won't be afraid. They won't be afraid because they'll know that the whole of life is a thing to be taken bravely, as a sort of store of memories that are going to make one still bigger and still serener."

Such a philosophy of experience older generations accepted for a nice young man only so indistinctly and evasively that they let Arthur Pendennis figure as *l'homme moyen sensuel* and were unsympathetic to "Richard Feverel," though the sad end the hero came to might seem to soften the passion of that book's protest. Any demand for actual experience as a foundation of moral strength had to be diluted with a great deal of suffering. Mr. George, however, is without any tendency to exaggerate the power to suffer—he seems to feel that healthy and intelligent people can always go on again, stronger and braver and more eager because of the past. He leaves Grace "conscious of a health, a strength she did not quite understand."

All this conviction of human power on Mr. George's part, all this sense that the force of life needs and rejoices in full and various expression, is the beauty of his youthfulness—and the beauty of his book, which tends to be perhaps a little too morally interesting. Mr. George has not yet an artist's detachment; perhaps he has not yet an artist's purpose. But he has a triumphant ardor that endears him.

Even the narrowness of his youth has often a humorous, amiable quality, as for instance the number of children he thinks necessary to Mary for what he calls a "drug" against the call of life. Mary's bodily forces must be continuously employed—otherwise she too would grow restless. "Children—that's a way," she declares. "One can't help being fond of them if one has enough—a sort of habit."

Another narrow vision, proper perhaps to his youth but not so amiable, is Clara, who seems intended as triumphantly active and political. He seems able to make her only superficially busy and executive. She never tastes the real "drug," such serious devotion to a cause, an art, a philanthropy, that it becomes creative, exhausting even happily a woman's vitality. Mr. George seems himself to generalize in the manner of Fenor, that "a man can do without love and pull along somehow," because he has "travel, politics, war, business, all the adventures ready," while a woman has "only got the adventure of love."

Youthfully, too, Mr. George is horribly afraid of marriage—at best, he feels, love in marriage cannot be saved "from the preoccupations of children, money, society, rates, wine bills." He still lacks, after all, any developed sense of reality with its "infinite sweetness," any delicate perception of mere manner. He is still rather lazily and weakly fastidious, like a spoiled child.

But the ardor of his belief in free adventure, the sympathy in his perception of woman's misery when she is indulgently let alone, and the pleasant sentimentality of his anarchy give one a very friendly interest in him. And one has a real admiration for his writing besides. His book is witty, alert, amusing, and his figures are well set. The bull-fight one experiences in northern Spain is a fine achievement.

E. B.

# Vivisection

*Animal Experimentation and Medical Progress, by W. W. Keen, M.D., LL.D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.75 net.*

THERE are certain books of which it may be said that to review them is in effect to review oneself. They are ambushes for critics. In one way or another they shove under our noses problems, personages, situations, about which we cannot but have an opinion so long as we are flesh and blood. It is difficult not to bellow out this opinion forthwith, thwacking the book, as yet un-

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read, for emphasis. Such a book is Dr. Keen's "Animal Experimentation and Medical Progress."

It may seem unnecessary to mention Dr. Keen's eminence as a surgeon; and yet this should be done, since he writes out of his own experience. No surgeon has lived in a time so stirring. Dr. Keen has seen his art, craft, science—for it is all of these—start up out of an ignorance that now seems near to barbarism. When he began practice, the instruments used for operation were handled direct from their velvet case, and in consequence pus was still called "laudable." He will forgive us for saying that he can go back to that year when Morton, after trying ether on dogs and other animals, administered it to a patient before the skeptical physicians of the Massachusetts General Hospital. He is able to speak personally of the difference between the '60's when nearly every man shot in the abdomen was as good as dead, and the present time when, thanks to animal experimentation, most of these are saved. He has witnessed month by month—for things have gone quickly—the development of antiseptic methods, the creation of brain surgery, the evolution of an operative technic so perfect that the surgeon's dread at entering the human body is now changed to what some people insist is a confident pleasure. He has seen all this come about through experiments on animals. And he has used the new knowledge to save the lives of his own patients. One can scarcely wonder that here and there he writes of it with an exaltation that is almost spiritual. He must have found much joy as well as toil in the papers that make up the present volume.

The volume consists of addresses and magazine articles in which is set forth the debt of humanity, and of animality, to what is called vivisection. The first papers, those written from 1885 to 1900, are the most telling, if the book is to be regarded as *polemik*. They have been left as they were written. Many things which they describe as new have now become truisms not only of medicine but of popular knowledge. They are the valued possessions of a public which seldom thinks how they were obtained. Such, for example, are the Pasteur treatment to prevent hydrophobia, cocaine in its use to do away with pain, antiseptics, and the present methods of operation. These proved constituents of the general weal are in themselves sufficient to justify animal experimentation. It is no longer necessary to dwell on the possibilities of tomorrow.

There are several kinds of anti-vivisectionist, as everyone knows who has ever dined out. Some object to the infliction of pain which can be in any way avoided. To such as these the travail of a birth should seem a crime, as coming under the head of preventable suffering. Some speak of the "rights of animals," overlooking the inconsistencies of a society in which, for the general good, horses must act out a bargain which is not of their making, draw loads and rest up between whiles in stalls. There are some who have a charity for dumb creatures that might well be extended to man. We remember one whose pet dog bit our foot, thus reminding her to show us a bronze of the animal, intended as a gift to the Metropolitan Museum. Some anti-vivisectionists have hearts so warm that we would rather love them than argue with them. But the anti-vivisectionist who might read Dr. Keen's book, were it presented to him, or even go out of his way to buy it, is, fortunately, not the least common. He is the honest doubter who cares for animals and "has to be shown." This individual has been cured of his various ills by homeopathy, allopathy—whatever that may be—osteopathy, patent medicines, and domestic inspirations in the form of plasters. He got well every time, and was sure every time of the probity of the person who worked on him. After many ordeals safely come through he denies that there is such a thing as medical science, at least on a material basis; and experiments on animals for what seems to him a philosophic medicine are to the last degree odious, and rightly so. Here is where Dr. Keen's book comes in.

But Dr. Keen's book does more than show on the basis of accomplishment that there is a rational medicine, and more than justify research by means of animal experimentation. It is a contemporaneous account, accurate and full of ardor, of the way things have been going these past thirty years in that struggle with suffering which is our heritage. Dr. Keen does not write of surgery alone. He has looked on at the conquest of yellow fever, the discovery of the germs of lockjaw, consumption and diphtheria, the development of a serum for the cure of cerebro-spinal meningitis and of a specific for syphilis. His book is a chronicle. We wish it had been possible to avoid certain repetitions and that there had been no need for the chapters on "Misstatements of the Antivisectionists" and "The Influence of Antivivisection on Character." The record of progress would stand by itself. It is cheerful stuff to read in this amazing world, where the ways of the wicked perish only in general and not in particular, and where the good much too often die young—of preventable diseases. P. R.

# Another Way of Ruthlessness

*Young Earnest, by Gilbert Cannan. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.35 net.*

IN the eighteen-nineties the cult of Experience had the glamor of Hedonism—Experience seemed very like Sinful and Delectable Pleasure. But to-day, if one judges from such a novelist as Mr. Cannan, Experience is niggard of joy. His cry is to try out various forms of life and love, to gain self-knowledge at whatever cost, and his effect is only Puritanical! His hero is always so miserable in the midst of what used to be thought pleasant. He loves, and Swinburne is not his poet. He deserts his loves, and is comfortably unconcerned, for "Nature is indifferent." Why has it gone, the old glamor?

Mr. Cannan has created beautifully, in the first part of "Young Earnest," a youth whose dormant sluggish reflective nature is being slowly, joyously roused. René Fourmy is winning each year more reputation as a student and teacher of history and economics, in the provincial university of his native town, Thrigsby. "His brain had been set going in a certain direction" and is going on mechanically; he has never made the effort of choice but has always done what was expected of him. One youthful illusion of happiness he has had, when he loved Cathleen Bentley, but her parents interfered and parted them, and he has forgotten his sense of deception and gone on gaining academic honors. He marries a Thrigsby heiress, Linda Brock, pretty and very talkative, a little older than himself. She has a mind filled with generalizations, which at first he respectfully takes to be a philosophy. He has kissed her inadvertently and has inflamed what he thinks to be love for her. After marriage he gradually realizes that she cannot live directly, cannot love him directly, that she must pass everything through some second-hand, second-rate idea. In moments of cruel experience for their love, she will generalize

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about Men and Women. He gropingly makes out that his force has been imprisoned by her. Exasperated at last into the first wilful action of his life, he runs away to London, picks up a factory girl, Ann Pidduck, goes with her to live in Mitcham Mews, and becomes a taxicab driver.

Having exchanged theorizing on economics for a mechanical activity and having found some power to be gay with Ann, who is "free of deliberate purpose," merry and "animal," he is content for a few years. But then Ann's love, too, comes to seem like a prison. She is to have a child, and he cries out, "I will not cloak brute creation with a seeming joy distilled by mind and time and custom . . . That which I have done with the spirit not awakened in me is done and no longer a part of me. That which the spirit does in me lives on forever and ever."

He sees Cathleen again—again she seems to him to embody freedom and joy. He leaves Ann, and when Cathleen has sloughed off her "last prejudices," he takes her to live with him in happiness to the end of the book. Mr. Cannan leaves them rejoicing in the little Scotch dell where as boy and girl they often met. They have three children and they feel as young as in the old days.

"I always feel," René said once, "as though we had had a narrow escape." "Escape from what, my dear?" "I know," he said. "This is the truth of us. Escape from sleep and death."

It is the first half of the book that seems to the present reviewer the more thoroughly and satisfyingly "done." The opening idyll of young love is charming, where the self-conscious René intoxicates himself by reading aloud an anthology of love poetry and is disquieted by a feeling of play-acting. And one feels satisfied with Linda, who is so perfectly adapted to Thrigsby. René's mother, too, is created beautifully—little, subdued, apparently at peace with the community, but with now and then a flash of bitter, weary wisdom, from an "otherness" of world that puzzles him till he sees that she still loves his father passionately and has insight from her passion. And that father, too, is delicately, completely created—his charm and his horribleness. He suggests Dostoevsky and is not disappointing.

René's plunge into the world of the poor, however, and his love for Ann and his complete change of thought and habit also suggest Dostoevsky, but leave one vaguely in want of something. Why is it that René's years in Mitcham Mews do not seem filled with significance, an appointed flicker of his flaming life? They seem only, as Kurt puts it, "rather grubby and piggy." In Dostoevsky one perfectly accepts such revolts. Is it only that all samovars and divans look a bit alike to us in the Russian night? Does our preciser knowledge of England throw an unfair light on Mr. Cannan's canvas? Or is it absolute truth that René's soul in Mitcham Mews is not on fire? Such conditions of life must serve the hero for fuel, or what use have they? And oh! what a wet log is Kilner! and how, when he talks by pages, the book splutters and smokes.

The first half of "Young Earnest" makes us perhaps unfair to the last, makes us expect too much. Destruction, of course, has easily a quality of completer finish than new building. But Mr. Cannan seems to offer rather a synopsis, a sketch, than work gone on with. Is it only Meredith who dares really "do" rich realizations of happiness? Mr. Cannan's last chapter makes one cry for a lyric poet. It leaves the reader coldly to debate a theme —that "we can't do anything but stumble from one love to another," until we find what is admittedly difficult—how to "make the body a spirit and love an intellectual thing."

"Love is the release of the spirit or it is not love." It is not being "uncomfortably emotional," but it is being "frank." When René learns how "worthless and external" can be "the more intimate relationships," like Linda and like Ann, he asks: "But without adventure, without mistakes, folly, suffering, how is that discovery to be made?" Cathleen for a time remains aware of the "destruction and misery" René had brought into other lives, and a little unsympathetic to his "enthusiasm and happiness" in his love for her. "He seemed to consider Ann's flight"—to Canada with his unborn child—"as a declaration of independence, and to acquiesce in it . . . Must not such defiance of Nature be fraught with appalling consequences, to end in the worst state of all, indifference?" But Cathleen, too, grows wise and knows that "Nature is entirely indifferent." "Escape from sleep and death," by trying out life ruthlessly, is justified to her also.

When he emphasizes the self-made quality pain often has, and insists that experience may be safely, if joylessly, encountered by intelligent people, one feels that young Mr. Cannan may have had a look at "Sanine." But he has risked more as a matter of art and taste than Artzibasheff, who left his ruthless hero in fatalistic isolation.

# Platitude

*Play in Education, by Joseph Lee. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50 net.*

*Education Through Play. Henry S. Curtis. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50 net.*

THE work of men who have given years of professional service to the founding of public playgrounds and the development of organized play in the schools, these books are typical of much American sociology. They are above everything else platitudinous. I cannot seriously imagine that there are many people of the class who will read such books who need to be convinced with such scrupulous care that children play, that children should play, that they should have places provided for them where they can play, that play has all sorts of valuable spiritual and physical effects, and that we should be thankful we live in a universe where play is ordained. Yet the gently persuasive tone which runs through Mr. Lee's book argues that there must be people who, he knows as a practical man, need to be convinced.

Much of the philanthropic and semi-philanthropic work of to-day rests on the desire of comfortable people to "do good." Mr. Lee does not conceal the fact here and there that he is well acquainted with wealthy people, and one feels that he has them in mind when he writes. For them to read of Play the Restorer, of Dame Nature's kindly provision for her young, of the ideals of loyalty and service that play inculcates, of the way the Creator has set play as a training for life, is to stir the vague optimism, the condescending patronage that calls itself kindness, of these amiable souls, and set their bounty flowing.

But those upon whom such work does not softly rest will demand sterner and meatier interpretations. Mr. Lee is neither scientific, imaginative nor autobiographical in his treatment, and one questions how much use there is in this modern world for any other kinds of writing. He presents none of the freshness of the child's own at-

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titude, nor does he base his discussion on accurate and recorded observation of children at play. Play seems so palpably interested effort which is gradually transmuted into work as its purposes become more remote and complicated, that his definition of play as "action in fulfillment of an instinct towards an ideal" seems little illuminating. It may be true that every child passes through the Baby Age, the Dramatic Age, the Big Injun Age, the Age of Loyalty, the Apprentice Age, but there are no data brought forward to illuminate the theory. Most of us can find ourselves living all these ages now in varying moods. Play is after all not an entity, but simply a name we give to various ways of behaving, and it would be more significant to tell us not what instincts the playing child and the playing man are unfolding in play, but what they think they are doing when they play. A book like this is composed, instead, of reverberations from many ideas and many philosophies. It suggests what Mr. Lee has heard about play, and what the books he has read have said about the role of play in civilization and savagery.

Mr. Curtis's book is more useful. It has at least bibliographies at the end of each chapter. It is logical and orderly and has much miscellaneous information about existing playgrounds and camps and schools. Its information was set off by a novel argument against birth control which caught my eye. Watch the lower classes in the park, says Mr. Curtis, and when you see that "the baby is bringing nearly all the joy and play that enters into the lives of these poor women, you realize that one reason for the large families of the East Side is the need of recreation for the mothers themselves." This is a distinct contribution to American sociology. After that defence of the right of impecunious women to play, there is really nothing more to say about either play or education.

To rail against these books is not to rail against play and the playground movement. One's animus against this sort of writing is generated only by a realization of the horrifying temptations that assail everyone to perpetrate just this sort of loose sociology.

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# An Esoteric Novel

*The Layman Revato, by Edward P. Buffet. New York: G. E. Stechert & Co. $2.00 net.*

THE subtitle of this philosophical novel, "A story of a restless mind in Buddhist India at the time of Greek influence," sufficiently indicates the task the author set himself, and the result cannot be judged by the accepted canons of modern fiction. Who runs may not read this novel, and its type is rare enough in this country to compel attention. That a great deal of skill has been employed in the endeavor to make a store of Pāli scholarship a not impossible freight for the argosy of romance is perhaps in itself something of a triumph. While "The Layman Revato" is meant to appeal to a limited audience of those interested in oriental philosophy and culture, since illuminating translations of Buddhist literature are boldly incorporated by the author, yet a special appeal may easily become a popular one. For illustration we may place it in the worthy tradition of Pater's "Marius the Epicurean," and add thereto something of the charm and atmosphere of Kipling's "Kim."

Towards the close of the reign of Asoka, a collector of customs, Revato, convinced by an awakening conscience of his dishonest stewardship, determines to pilgrim to the capital, Pātaliputtra, and be relieved of his office by the great Buddhist emperor. Accompanied by two Buddhist monks he makes the journey, during which he is converted by them into becoming a lay seeker after Truth. In Revato's pocket is a Greek lapidary gem representing a disturbing Bacchante, a family heirloom that is a clue to his remote Ionian ancestry. Dowered with this inheritance Revato's story is that of perpetual conflict between repression and expression. To relieve this psychology, or perhaps to aggravate it, he meets Prote, the daughter of a Greek architect employed by Asoka on the renowned capital at present buried under the silt of the Ganges at Patna, and now being desultorily excavated by the British. The author, however, injects no compelling love interest, his hero being predestined to the varieties of religious experience: throughout the novel he is consistently kept a vacillating, irresolute protagonist. A felicitous contrast is that where Revato discovers Prote and her compatriots celebrating the festival of Dionysius on the hallowed scene of Buddha's meditations. The portrayals of Prote, and of the two Buddhist monks, are capitally done.

No little enthusiasm is shown in the exposition of the Buddhist system, and in the effort at reconstruction based on the meager facts of recent archeological discovery, and the invaluable records left us by the Chinese pilgrims. Not easy reading are the first two chapters, burdened with words that rightly belong in the glossary, or at least merit immediate explanation. If the opportunity for revision presents itself, it is to be hoped that the author will reshape these chapters, and correct the small typographical errors so unnecessary in an otherwise careful book.

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